MAXIMS,

CHARACTERS,

AND

REFLECTIONS,

CRITICAL, SATYRICAL, and MORAL.

Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can.
POPE.

Et moi auſſi je ſuis Peintre! MONTESQUIEU.

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MDCCLVI.

PREFACE.

EVERY one, I believe, has his moments of reflection; I have had mine. My mind has frequently been filled with images, and buſied in arranging and comparing them; in forming principles, and drawing concluſions: Theſe ideas I found it difficult wholly to retain, and wholly to diſmiſs; they were continually recurring, though not without ſome confuſion, becauſe they were continually increaſing; ſo that I was at length urged, by a kind of neceſſity, to throw them out upon paper merely that I might relieve my memory, and indulge my imagination in new purſuits without diſtraction.

When they were once written, I felt the ſame deſire to diſcharge them from my cabinet, as I had felt to diſcharge them from my mind; and as I had before thrown out my thoughts upon paper, I have now thrown my papers into the world.

It is however, of little conſequence to the reader what may have been my motive for offering him this little book; he will undoubtedly conſider only how far it pleaſes him: I haſten then to ſay what appears to me not improper for him to know, before he commences my judge.

In the firſt place I muſt obſerve, that there are about a dozen ſentences among the maxims that are extremely like ſome that occur in La Rochefoucault, or La Bruiere; it is therefore neceſſary to prevent a charge of plagiariſm by declaring that I firſt read thoſe celebrated authors, after the maxims in queſtion were written,

written, and in conſequence of having written them, and ſome hundred more which I have not brought into this collection. As the ſimilitude of thoſe paſſages is a very conſiderable proof that the ſentiment they contain is true, I was for that reaſon determined to admit them; and upon this occaſion I would remark, that if I had juſtly ſuffered as a plagiary, truth would even then have ſuffered with me; for the moment we read what we think unfairly borrowed, we are ſo offended at the diſingenuity which would appropriate the merit of another, that we pay no regard to the ſentiment itſelf, nor give ourſelves leiſure to conſider a moment whether it is true or falſe, trivial or important; ſo ſtrong is the natural love of juſtice among men!

It is farther neceſſary to apprize my reader, that he will here and there detect me in the uſe of words

and expreſſions that are wholly French; but before he cenſures me as guilty either of negligence or affectation, let him try to find an Engliſh word or expreſſion that includes preciſely the ſame idea; if he cannot, he muſt neceſſarily acquit me, and if he can, I ſhall envy him the diſcovery and wiſh it had been mine.

It is certainly true, however little to be accounted for, that the inhabitants of every country have a peculiar characteriſtic, by which they are diſtinguiſhed from all others. Every language therefore muſt have peculiar advantages and diſadvantages; it muſt be more adapted to expreſs thoſe ideas that have a particular connection with the prevailing genius and temper of the people that uſe it, and muſt be leſs adapted to expreſs thoſe ideas which have a particular connection with the temper and genius of others. As to the different charac-

characteriſtics of France and England, they will be beſt diſtinguiſhed by a view of each as repreſented by the other; becauſe the peculiarities of each being then exaggerated, will be more eaſily diſcerned. If we believe what a Frenchman and an Engliſhman would ſay of their reſpective countries, we ſhall conclude, that one is gawdy and fantaſtic, the other deſtitute of fancy; one idly volatile, the other ſolemnly buſy; that one is profligate in her manners, the other wants gallantry; one is too fond of company, and the other of ſolitude; one is trifling, the other formal; one is too much in jeſt, the other too much in earneſt; one carries the gaiety of converſation between the ſexes into indelicacy and libertiniſm, the other renders it inſipid by an aukward reſerve in one ſex, and ungraceful baſhfulneſs in the other; one reaſons too much, the other too little; in the

productions of imagination one indulges a wild and licentious luxuriancy, the other is too tamely fond of exactneſs, propriety, and rule; for as one is more extenſive in her ideas, ſo is ſhe leſs preciſe; and as the other is leſs extenſive, ſo is ſhe more preciſe. It is not here neceſſary, to draw the line of truth between theſe two accounts, it is ſufficient to obſerve, that there is at leaſt a propenſity in the two nations to theſe exceſſes, and that when they err, they err in every particular on oppoſite ſides. The general difference is now much leſs than it was ten years ago: whether we ſhall continue to approach each other till we meet, or whether we ſhall withdraw into our original limits, time only can determine.

By this ſketch it may, I think, be ſeen where the ſtrength of the two languages lies; the Engliſh language has greater depth and compaſs, and is therefore capable

of more force and elegance than the French; but at the ſame time it has leſs refinement and preciſion; and though with reſpect to ſubjects of importance it has a greater variety of words; yet with reſpect to objects of taſte, to the delicacies of manner and converſation, the nice diſtinctions of modes of behaviour, and all the numberleſs refinements of ſociety, it is comparatively poor. Upon this occaſion perhaps I may be permitted to obſerve, that our language is copious and expreſſive not only by the number of words, but by the various ſenſes in which the ſame word is uſed: but this, although it frequently produces a beauty, ſometimes renders a paſſage ambiguous and obſcure; eſpecially in unconnected aphoriſms, where truth is compreſſed into a ſmall compaſs, and can receive no illuſtration from antecedent or ſubſequent paſſages. Our language alſo ſeems

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to want accuracy and preciſion, by having no genders; ſo that the words, *it*, *they*, *that*, *thoſe*, and other relatives, are not ſo eaſily referred to their particular antecedents: for this reaſon, perhaps, ſome have thought the French language better adapted to expreſs independent truths in ſhort maxims than ours. And indeed, if it be allowed that the Engliſh language is capable of equal perſpicuity with the French, it muſt be acknowledged that it is at leaſt more difficult to render it thus perſpicuous, as the number of words out of which the choice is to be made is greater; and many of thoſe that offer are ſo uncertain in their ſignification, that they may be read in a ſenſe very different from that in which they were written: in this inſtance therefore, the diſadvantage of our language reſults from its abundance, as the advantage of the French from its poverty. If my thoughts are expreſſed with

with any degree of ſtrength and elegance, I deſire to acknowledge my obligation to the language in which I write; and if they ſhould happen alſo to be expreſſed with perſpicuity, by a happy choice of words, I muſt confeſs that they owe this in a great degree to the advantage which reſulted from my communicating them to others, and hearing their expreſſion of my ſentiment.

As to the ſenſe which my maxims or characters contain, I offer it only as *my* opinion, and would by no means be thought to impoſe it upon others. I neither expect, nor think I have reaſon to expect, that in every particular it will be univerſally received as true: men differ from men too much to ſee objects in the ſame light, or draw the ſame concluſions from the ſame principles. The reader will however, I think, eaſily ſee that my thoughts are ſuch as naturally aroſe from a peruſal of that

great miſcellany, the living world; and are not contrived to ſupport any favourite theory, which I had either formed or adopted in a library or a college; and therefore, before he concludes that I am miſtaken, I hope he will have recourſe to the ſame ſchool, and try me not by opinion but experience, not by logic but by life.

But as I know ſome will charge me with error, I know alſo that I cannot hope to pleaſe all who admit my notions to be true. I know that our neighbours the French are pleaſed with a ſententious and unconnected manner of writing; and that in general we are not. The cauſe of this difference of taſte between two nations ſo eminent for genius and learning I ſhall not here attempt to aſſign, though I think that in ſome degree it might eaſily be done.

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But that I might as much as poſſible accommodate myſelf to the taſte of my country, I have extended and rendered more explicit many of my ſhort maxims, which, tho' they reflected my own ideas to myſelf, might have wanted explanation to others. I have alſo added characters, which in many inſtances have given me an opportunity, not only of ſhewing the reader the concatenation of ideas that has either flowed from, or produced my original maxim, but alſo of attempting ſome nicer touches of ſentiment, ſatire, or humour.

I have alſo added ſome ſhort pieces of poetry that are not quite foreign to my general deſign, and ſome few criticiſms on received opinions which did not appear to me to be juſt.

Sometimes the maxim is illuſtrated but in part, and ſometimes indeed

indeed the maxim and character have no connection at all. The maxims themſelves are in ſome few inſtances ranged ſo as to throw a light upon each other, though in other inſtances they are wholly unconnected; and ſometimes though they have a common relation to the ſame ſubject, are ſeparated by deſign. It muſt be left to the intelligent reader to diſtinguiſh theſe particulars, and to ſee the author's different view in the various and very different parts of this work.

I DOUBT not but that my book has now many defects, and it will every day have more; for ſuch parts as allude to faſhions and cuſtoms, muſt neceſſarily loſe not only their force and propriety, but even their meaning, as thoſe faſhions and cuſtoms change and are forgotten; nay the finer is a ſtroke of ſatire or humour, particularly if the expreſſion be ironical, the ſooner is it liable to be loſt.

loſt. The next winter may perhaps render me unintelligible in ſome parts where I am now beſt underſtood; even while I am writing my ſubject eludes me, and my labour may in that reſpect perhaps be compared to that of a painter, who ſhould attempt to delineate the figure of a cloud, which is every moment changing its ſhape, and will in a ſhort time totally diſappear.

I WOULD not however be thought to apologize for defects, or to ſollicit applauſe. If the public ſhall honour theſe ſheets with a favourable regard in a general view, and thus make them worthy of another edition, I ſhall pay the utmoſt deference to its juſt cenſure of particular parts, and readily remove or alter what ſhall appear reprehenſible.

MY firſt inducement indeed to give theſe ſheets to the world was

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my own ſatisfaction, and that cannot be taken from me. If I ſhould be ſo happy as to pleaſe the unprejudiced and the juſt, nay to be reprehended by them, my ſecond pleaſure will indeed be greater than my firſt.

E R R A T A.

Page 32,	line 10.	*for* puppy ! bow, *read* puppy bow.
45,	13.	*for* diſcourſes *read* diſcourſe.
76,	5.	*for* troubleſome *read* tireſome.
83,	12.	*dele full point after* apt.
	14.	*for* Frabicius *read* Fabricius.
84,	3.	*for falſe read* falſe.
108,	5.	*for* as muſicians *read* as ſome muſicians.
109,	17.	*for* deſerver *read* obſerver.
116,	20.	*for* jolting *read* jutting.
128,	23.	*dele* comma after *hawrk.*
131,	25.	*for* quelle diſgrace *read quelle diſgrace.*
231,	19.	*for* was very pretty *read* was *a* very pretty.
250,	1.	*for* is a man *read* is man.
	13.	for *principles* read *principle.*

MAXIMS,

MAXIMS, &c.

A MAXIM is ſometimes like the ſeed of a plant which the ſoil it is thrown into muſt expand into leaves, and flowers, and fruit; ſo that great part of it muſt ſometimes be *written* as it were by the *reader*.

No man was ever ſo much deceived by another as by himſelf.

The beſt heads can but misjudge in cauſes belonging to the juriſdiction of the Heart.

True delicacy, as true generoſity, is more wounded by an offence *from* itſelf, if

I may be allowed the expreſſion, than *to* itſelf.

As ſome poiſonous animals carry about them an antidote to their own venom, ſo do moſt people for the offence they give by ſlight, hatred, and contempt.

VERY nice ſcruples are ſometimes the effect of a great mind, but oftner of a little one.

SOME men talk ſenſibly and act fooliſhly, ſome talk fooliſhly and act ſenſibly; the firſt laugh at the laſt, the laſt cheat the firſt.

SAYS Agothles I am of conſequence, pray conſider me; I am agreeable, pray ſeek my company: the world is in this inſtance ſo complying that it takes his word and gratifies him. Yes, ſay you, the undiſcerning and the fooliſh, all others ſee that the man is only vain and impudent. It is true; but while I hear thoſe others cry out againſt the impoſition, I likewiſe ſee them comply with the requeſt.

CHRYSANTES is more ſought after than any man I know: he is alike the favourite of the old, the young, the men of parts

and

and the illiterate. No one ever calls him by his ſirname, or Mr. it is the ſmalleſt diminutive of his chriſtian name that he goes by, and were there any thing in the language correſpondent to ANIMULA that would doubtleſs be his appellation. Adrian could not have invented any thing more fondling for his own ſoul than every one would beſtow upon this *Mignion*. Hear then the rare qualities that have dignified this *Deliciæ humani generis*. Chryſantes is in his perſon unwieldly, clumſy, and vulgar, and his countenance is not only correſpondent to his figure in regard to his features, but is wholly unanimated and without expreſſion; his behaviour muſt conſequently be equally deſtitute of grace and delicacy. What are his morals? execrable; all his ſenſations towards human nature are confined to the little circle of his own perſon; but what then, I ſay, are his charms? nay, if you don't find them out it is not my fault. Will you ſit up? Chryſantes is your Man: provided your Champaigne be good, or your purſe full and expoſed to be emptied. Dice, cards, heads or tails, Chryſantes has no choice, he is all complaiſance, only if

you leave it to him he had *rather* play for indefinite ſums, and it is very eaſy for each man to tell his lump. He never miſtakes, he will tell you, every time he wins, to a guinea what he had before him; no man reckons better, or ſo faſt as he; he is the beſt companion, the *honeſteſt fellow* in the world; but what is his converſation? is it the awful profound of reaſoning, or the gay ſuperficies of wit that thus attracts the literati? neither; you are tired with the paradox!—Chryſantes has the beſt cook in the world, the beſt wines; and a great houſe whoſe door *hates the threſhold.*

SAYING an ingenious or diſcerning thing is no proof of a ſound underſtanding, ſaying an abſurd thing, prejudice always excepted, is a proof of the contrary.—Folly is ſeldom ſo groſs as to admit no gleam of light, and one right hit cannot prove a right aſſemblage of ideas; though a right aſſemblage of ideas makes groſs abſurdity even in a ſingle inſtance impoſſible.

VANITY is the poiſon of agreeableneſs; yet as poiſon when artfully and properly apply'd, has a ſalutary effect in medicine, ſo has

has vanity in the commerce and ſociety of the world.

We are never ſo ready to praiſe as when we are inclined to detract, and often has one man, nay one nation, been flattered by the commendations of a writer who really meant no more than to fix a ſtronger cenſure upon another.

Pleaſure is a *game* for which it will be in vain *to try*, it muſt *ſtart* before you or you'll never *find*.

If you find your friend covetous hope he is inconſiſtent too—he has nothing elſe for it.

Nothing ſo difficult as tracing effects into cauſes, nothing ſo quick as the invention of cauſes for effects.

Some men are like certain ſtuffs, beautiful on one ſide, hideous on the other.

An unpretending man is never deficient; or if he is, as La Bruiere ſays of uglineſs in an agreeable man, "*Cela ne fait pas* "*ſon effet.*"

Arcon is what the French call *d'un fort mauvais ton*; and he is much more ſo from

aiming at what they call *un bon ton*; he is well-born, not ill educated, or by any means of a contemptible underſtanding: *Maisdun fort mauvais ton!*—He happens of late years to have been in a ſituation which has kept him chiefly in the country (no help to that ſame *mauvais ton)* but he has there often ſeen what is *called* good company: Arcon has juſt converted his old chariot into a very genteel poſt chaiſe, his little boy rides poſtilion with his hair tied behind, and his Valet de chambre attends in his flaxen wig, ſo that he is now quite as genteel as his neighbours; nay, he will tell you of ſeveral *lords* and *ladies* with whom he is very intimate; ſometimes indeed he ſtumbles upon a name which is really the very reverſe of a puff, but it's not his fault, he thinks it a conſiderable one: elſe, himſelf, I aſſure you, would have taken no great notice of the perſon. Talk to *Arcon*, or his Wife, (they are one fleſh) about the faſhions; he will diſpute the cut of a ſleeve, or the cock of a hat as ſtrenuouſly as any one; happy if he had juſt ſeen for the firſt time ſome travelling mode, which being not above half worn out, was ſpick and ſpan in his quarters! he has ſeen

French

French cookery too; you will never puzzle him with your *Fricandeaus* or your *Bouillis*; —he had once ſeen diſhes that were *ſo called* at a friend's houſe: Arcon was invited to dine at a table that was really well-ſerved in the French manner:——he ordered his equipage and went; and after all proper compliments and ceremonies they ſat down to dinner. *Soup*, *hors doeuvres*, *entrees*, *rôt*, and *entremets*; Arcon looked a little queer: however, he ſaw his *Boulie*, aſked for it and had it. The *petits patees* were at a diſtance; pray, my lord, ſays he, be ſo good as to help me to one of thoſe *little tarts*; your lordſhip's *broth* was vaſtly good! he eat but little of the *rôt*, for unfortunately he hated bacon, and every thing was either *bardé* or *lardé*; he pleaſed himſelf however, and felt ſnug, in his obſervations upon a fowl at the upper end of the table ſent up with—no ſure—yes, he look'd again, and ſaw it peep from each ſide—with *graſs* under it: for that he had never ſeen, nor would he forget it.——As ſoon as the *entremet* was ſerved he obſerved with pleaſure over againſt him a fine large *Créme au piſtache*, and begged the gentleman who ſat by it to ſend him a little of the *cuſtard*.

What was it that made Arcon ridiculous? not his ignorance, but his pretenſions to knowledge.

THE art of making yourſelf conſiderable in the great and gay world, is neither to be defined, nor learnt.

EVERY character is in ſome reſpects uniform and in others inconſiſtent, and it is only by the ſtudy of both, and a compariſon of them with each other, that the knowledge of man is acquired.

THE great fault of the human underſtanding, is not the not going well, but the not ſtopping well.

MERON is a man of quality, and though young, has a conſiderable office in the government: he is member of parliament, and has often diſtinguiſhed himſelf in it. He has——about three quarters of a good underſtanding and about—three quarters of an amiable diſpoſition.——He is noble and generous, but he is not free from pride and oſtentation: he is determined in his party, and reſolute in his purpoſe; but then he is obſtinate and overbearing; as a companion he is frank and agreeable; but he is ſupercilious and contemptuous to his inferiors; nay,

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as he is not very exact, he ſometimes miſtakes thoſe inferiors. He has certainly what may paſs for eloquence, a fine choice of words, and an agreeable flow, but then he wants taſte. His ſubjects are ſometimes ill-choſen, and his eloquence ill-tim'd; Meron has been known to indulge this flow of elocution at ſocial entertainments, which, though it may poſſibly come within the circle of taſte and propriety in Britain, would certainly be thought every where elſe extreamly abſurd. The habit of political buſineſs and political ſpeaking has encouraged him to *ſpeech it* at dinners, at ſuppers; nay, where there were women as well as men. Then he will ſometimes tell you one thing is *premature*, another is what he won't *opiniâtre*, a third is ſomething to which the parties will not *accede*. Then he is too apt—and that indeed is hardly conſiſtent with the reſt of his character, or within the circle of Britanic taſte—He is too apt to be prolix on a trivial unintereſting ſubject. He is circumſtantial—I had almoſt ſaid pathetic—about the regulation of the laſt year's opera, or the leſs intereſting concerns of a common acquaintance; Meron has theſe excellen-

cellencies, but he has alſo theſe imperfections: he ſeems to have made a diſcovery, I know not whether you will ſubſcribe to it, but he ſeems to have found out, that the common opinion which places the beauty of converſation in *compreſſing* our thoughts is a vulgar error, and that, on the contrary, they ſhould be *dilated* and *ſpun out*.

PENETRATION ſeems a kind of inſpiration; it gives me an idea of prophecy.

ERROR is often nouriſhed by good Senſe.

HUMAN knowledge is the parent of doubt.

PLEASURE is the buſineſs of the young, buſineſs the pleaſure of the old.

THE ſenſe to conduct ſenſe is worth every other part of it; for great abilities are more frequently poſſeſſed, than properly apply'd.

NOTHING ſo eaſy as to keep up an eſtabliſh'd character of ſenſe by converſation, nothing ſo difficult as to acquire one by it; at leaſt a converſation ſuperior to that which keeps it up, may not give it.

A lively and agreeable man of honour has not only the merit of thoſe qualities in himſelf,

himſelf, but that alſo of awakening them in others.

It is a melancholy conſideration, that the difficulty of gaining reputation or riches, ſhould be great in proportion to the want of them.

A man muſt be a fool indeed, if I think him one at the time he is applauding me.

The oak which is generally conſidered as the king of trees, is that alſo which arrives lateſt at perfection; and perhaps in ſome ſenſe the ſame obſervation may be true with reſpect to mankind.

Polydore and Craterus paſt their childhood together, and received, in every reſpect, the ſame education, and yet they came into the world with oppoſite characters. Polydore had what is called *bright parts*, which he neglected to uſe: Craterus had what is called *good ſolid ſenſe* which he exerted with conſtant and unwearied diligence. Polydore had ſo lively a reliſh for pleaſure, that his life was waſted in perpetual diſſipation. Craterus had ſo much regard to the *main chance*, that he was never ſeduced to idleneſs or irregularity, but improved ſuch talents

talents as he had to the utmoſt advantage. They both obtained ſeats in parliament almoſt as ſoon as they were of age, and Craterus attended at the houſe with ſo much punctuality, and ſo aſſiduouſly applied to the ſubject of every queſtion, that he became almoſt a man of buſineſs the firſt year. But Polydore all this while neither knew, nor cared what was doing; he ſometimes attended indeed in appearance, but his mind was abſent, except in ſome ſudden ſtart of recollection, when he curſed the dull tedious debate that kept him from his pleaſures. Thus Polydore with ſuperior natural talents, always appeared inferior to Craterus, except in matters of taſte, for in theſe his ſuperiority appeared without an effort, it was the effect of nature, inſtant and ſpontaneous; but where a ſeries of principles were to be traced, and connections diſcovered, Craterus had greatly the advantage; for though Polydore was more able he was leſs willing to apply, and the effect of mere indolence was ſometimes miſtaken for that of incapacity. Polydore was many years ſhort of that maturity at which Craterus was arrived. Craterus was all he could ever be, Polydore in compari-

ſon

ſon of what he might be was as yet nothing. Polydore put one in mind of a high-bred pack of true vermin fox-hounds at the beginning of the ſeaſon, which daſhed, flew, and run riot nobody knows where, and had a ſpirit that twenty whippers-in could not reſtrain: Craterus, of a ſtaunch pack of ſoutherns, which were never off the true ſcent, but would eat, drink, and comply with all other calls of nature in the height of the chaſe, though fifty whippers-in ſhould ſweat in vain to get them forwards. Craterus one day told Polydore, that it was a ſhame for a member to know ſo little of the buſineſs of the houſe. Pooh— d—n it, ſays he, I tell you— you are *premature*.

PRAXITELES is one of thoſe rare geniuſes, which, like ſome plants, riſe, bloom, and arrive at perfection almoſt at once, though they are of the firſt claſs. He had ſcarce entered the world as a man, before he made his way to the top of it; he took his ſeat in parliament, and he roſe up an orator: Penetration ſupplied him with all the advantages which experience beſtows upon others. Nature ſeemed to have animated

mated and adorned the wiſdom of age with all the fire, the gayety, the luſtre of youth, and thus to have produced a being of a new ſpecies. When he roſe up to ſpeak, all was ſilence and expectation; nor was this expectation ever diſappointed. All the beauties of poetry, all the delicacy of ſentiment, all the ſtrength of reaſon, united in that torrent of eloquence, which, as it flowed with irreſiſtable force, ſparkled with unrivalled luſtre, and was admired even by thoſe who, having in vain oppoſed its courſe were in a moment borne down before it. If he was attacked, no matter by how many, he not only avoided the weapon of his adverſaries, but turned the edge of it with double force upon themſelves, always directing it with unerring ſkill to that part where it would moſt eaſily enter. It is, methinks, difficult to ſpeak of Praxiteles without a metaphor, becauſe common language can but ill expreſs uncommon excellence; it may however be ſaid, that Praxiteles has the art of uniting the elegance of a courtier and the accuracy of a ſcholar with the keenneſs of a diſputant, and will pay the politeſt complement to the perſon, while he expoſes the ſophiſtry of the

ſpeaker. Praxiteles has ſuch command over elegance, grace, and taſte, that he has been able to carry them even into a ſociety of politicians, and to touch the breaſts of thoſe whoſe imaginations have wanted vigour to puſh them beyond the frozen virtues of induſtrious regularity, with ſomething of that elevating delight, inſpired by the ſtriking ſuperiority, which nice diſcernment and true taſte can ſo ill define, and ſo well conceive. In a word, Praxiteles is in every reſpect truly great: that ambition which is in ſome men ſo apparently a vice, was in him evidently a virtue. It was a principle implanted in him by nature, to place him in a conſpicuous ſtation that a work which did her honour might not be hid.

" ——— ſhe never told her love
" But let concealment like a worm i'th' bud
" Feed on her damaſk cheek; ſhe pin'd in thought,
" *And with a green and yellow melancholy*
" She ſate like *Patience* on a monument
" Smiling at grief. ———

How juſtly celebrated are theſe lines! and let me obſerve, that they prove a certain

tain elegance of thought, a certain delicate tenderneſs for which Shakeſpear has not, I think, been generally celebrated. Nothing ſurely can be more ſentimental! and yet let me venture at an objection, where all the world ſeems hitherto only to have approved. Is there not ſomething of a faulty image, ſomething of a diſpleaſing idea conveyed in that "green and "yellow melancholy?" It may indeed repreſent ſickneſs, and ſuch ſickneſs as was produced by the delicate love Shakeſpear deſcribes; but yet, methinks, he rather leſſens than increaſes our compaſſionate concern, by telling us ſo expreſsly, that the countenance of the ſufferer was tinged with green and yellow. I fear it is natural for us to pity, not in exact proportion to feminine diſtreſs, but in proportion as we are ſtruck with the beauty of the ſufferer, and that our pity is always comparatively weak when we are diſguſted with the object; this hue of countenance neceſſarily diſguſts, and the idea of it is therefore incongruous to that tender, that almoſt amorous concern which the reſt of the picture ſo forcibly

cibly excites; I ſpeak however with the utmoſt deference to the genius of Shakeſpear and the public judgment, by which this paſſage has been not only approved, but admired.

SWIFT obſerves that a reader does not fail to cry out, "that is clever, "that is ſenſible!" when he meets with exactly what he himſelf had thought; yet he may in this caſe approve the opinion, not only becauſe it is his own, but becauſe the perfect agreement of two diſtant and unconnected minds has confirmed it.

WE have our days for being *in play* for ſenſe, as we have for being *in play* for tennis or billards.

PEOPLE ſeldom ſpeak ill of themſelves, but when they have a good chance of being contradicted.

WIT gives confidence leſs than confidence gives wit.

I HAVE known men modeſt enough to allow they had not a great deal of ſenſe, but I don't recollect to have ſeen any one of them

give up an opinion of his own to that of a perſon whom he allowed had a great deal.

MANY men will reaſon and act *ſenſibly* on various occaſions, and yet be even *abſurd* in ſpeculation and practice, with reſpect to things extreamly plain, which happen to lie out of their way: as muſical clocks will play ſuch a number of tunes, and difficult ones too, but not one beyond them.

FOGRAMO is a kind of philoſopher, a mathematician, a chymiſt, a man of letters in ſhort, and a deep reaſoner; he has had more than one literary diſpute, and always with ſucceſs; he utterly deſpiſes and diſregards trifles; and of all trifles, he very juſtly thinks that dreſs is the greateſt: however, he naturally falls into what is ſuitable and proper, and has a certain dignity: his clothes therefore are always black, and his wigs white; but once made, he ſcarcely remembers that he poſſeſſes any ſuch things, and he puts them on purely from its being neceſſary that he ſhould. Fogramo wanted to move his perſon from one part of the iſland to another; on what account I never learnt, but on ſome important one you may be

be ſure: he was told of the late invention of *poſt-chays*, of their great expedition, conveniency, and cheapneſs, provided one could get a fellow-traveller; and that to effect this one only need to adverti ſe for a *poſt-chay* companion. Fogramo approved of all this, and did it; Jack Flaſh was in a certain coffee-houſe near the *garden*, and read the Advertiſement: he wanted to go to the ſame place at the ſame time, caſh was ſhort, he was in a hurry, ſo, *d——n him*, he was his Man: the travellers met according to appointment, and after ſome admiration of each other, and ſome ſwearing from Jack about the horſes and the tackle, Fogramo freely and *ſans ceremonie*, got into the chaiſe and placed himſelf commodiouſly in about the middle of it. Jack claps one hand on the oſtler's ſhoulder, and the other on the top of the wheel, and bruſhes in after him; having but little room, he buſtles and beſtirs himſelf *a few*, and Fogramo mechanically, as it were, retired into his corner. Off they go, moſt prodigiouſly faſt, according to Fogramo, and according to Flaſh, doctors differ, damnably ſlow. One began to ſwear, the other to groan, too politely

however to be troubleſome, for however each jolt might affect Fogramo he reſolved not to vent his diſpleaſure: but he began to reflect on the ſcheme he had undertaken, and to doubt ſomewhat of the charms of a *poſt-chay*, ſtill with the utmoſt politeneſs and attention to his companion, is not that indeed regarding one's ſelf? Fogramo, however, *who was* a *rational and conſequential perſon*, had obſerved that the *young gentleman* had carried all before him, and ſhewn peculiar knowledge and underſtanding about the chaiſe, horſes, harneſs, and all their apurtenances, and doubted not but he was *a man of the world: captain*, ſays he, you ſeem to *know the world* very well: yes, ſir, a little, I know men a little, but nothing to my knowledge of women: but there's nothing in that, for to be ſure there I have had ſome experience; ſome experience! why ſure *captain*, you can't have been married more than once? Jack went off ſo loud and ſo very nonſenſically, that Fogramo *who was a rational and conſequential perſon*, began to recover his original idea of Jack, and ſat up very tight in his corner. Jack hummed a little and fell faſt

aſleep, a thing he had not done in the laſt twenty-four hours; his ſleep was as pro found, as his waking had been turbulent; as the deadeſt calm follows the moſt furious ſtorm: Fogramo, though broad awake, was ſoon no more conſcious of his *chay* ſituation, than his companion; ſometimes he was in the ſky amongſt the planets and ſuns, ſometimes in the earth amongſt minerals and foſſils, ſometimes in the ſea with monſters and wrecks; at length however, Fogramo began to awake out of his dream by an accident, and though Jack continued in his, yet he made many wry faces; the chaiſe bump'd continually againſt the ſide quarter, and Fogramo was ſurprized to find his jolts renewed upon him with greater force than ever; the road was not ſtony, and he could not conceive the meaning of it: he looked about him, out of the window, within the window; but the ſolving twenty problems was nothing, compared to his difficulty of diſcovering the *cauſe* of theſe repeated jolts and knocks, it was——*out of his way*; at length they jolted his friend Jack broad awake, and looking out of the window, "d——n your body, ſays

" he, where did you learn your road-
" work, boy ? d—n ye, where are your eyes
" you dog ? why a'nt they in your poll
" by g—d ? ca'nt you ſee, d—n ye, that
" your near horſe don't draw an ounce ?
" pull the *chay* over, do ye blood of a
" b——ch !" Would you believe it ? Jack, contrary to all expectation and deſire, was literally obeyed. The poor boy, frighted at the captain's ſwearing, whipped up the *off* inſtead of the *near* horſe, and actually overturned the *chay*. Poor Fogramo's head, ornamented with a bloody noſe, appeared at the window of the chaiſe, and the boy helped him, all trembling, to climb out at it, whilſt Jack was ſinking and curſing under him ; but he ſoon, red with choler, climbed after, and the moment he got on his legs, was going to fall on the poſt-boy ; but luckily for him, ſome back chaiſe-horſes came by at the critical minute, and he run from Flaſh immediately, got upon one of them, and rode for it with his fellow poſt-boy, leaving the travellers to ſettle the *cauſe* of their misfortunes on the high road.

SOME men are blamed and ſought after by every body, ſome commended and ſhun'd by every

every body; may I not aſk, whether it is the blame or the praiſe that is moſt eligible?

The man of humour, the droll, he who enchants the whole liſtening circle with the ſpirit and fire of his wit, if another who excells him in the ſame way is introduced into the company, will not only appear leſs, but be ſhrunk into nothing: Thus if you let the beams of the ſun into your room they put your fire out.

Some chance event to the man, will ſometimes carry a conviction that was refuſed to the demonſtration of his arguments; nay, will produce a conviction which his arguments did not deſerve,

You think the time long paſt ſince a benevolent genii could be found to form a taliſman that would not only give importance, wit, and agreeableneſs to the poſſeſſor, but ſo faſcinate other people, that they ſhould fancy every advantage greater than it was, and give him credit for twenty more to which he had no right? Do not however conclude too haſtily: Gnatho no longer ago than laſt ſpring became poſſeſs'd of this taliſ-

man, nay I'm ſerious, he inherited ten thouſand a year.

THE *Uſe* of converſation is the perceiving, perhaps adopting, the ideas of others; the *End*, the diſplaying our own.

VIRTUE pleaſes more as nature than as virtue; but let me add, that virtue is the firſt beauty of nature.

PHORBAS is poſſeſs'd of almoſt every good quality; he is rational, impartial, and conſequential, even to ſelf-condemnation. It is a rule with Phorbas to do always what is right; he is virtuous, he is ſo from principle, and he is univerſally approv'd. Phormio is noble, is gentle, is generous; he poſſeſſes every amiable virtue, but he is ſo far from being conſcious of any, or reflecting upon them as virtues, that he practiſes them only as the means of happineſs, and they are ſo far from being the effect of labor or reſtraint, that he would ſuffer if he ever deviated from them: his virtues therefore have a certain freedom, a certain elegance, an inexpreſſible charm of nature about them, which to be admir'd needs only to be ſeen. He joins to the greateſt contempt of money,

the greateſt contempt of profuſion, which ſo often goes hand in hand with rapacity; nay what would be profuſion in another, is generoſity and propriety in Phormio; common rules are not the guides of uncommon natures: Phormio loves pleaſure, he underſtands it, he was formed for it, he enjoys it, and he inſpires it: coldneſs and inſenſibility, corrupt ſelfiſhneſs and licentious depravity, he compels at once to perceive, to taſte, and to approve, the pure, the exalted, the refin'd delight of which before they had neither reliſh nor conception. Vice on the one ſide, and vice on the other ſide, is aſhamed of its own deformity. How amiable is Phormio! in his perſon manly yet ſoft, and expreſſive; in his manners modeſt, yet full of taſte and fire; in his diſpoſition never weak, yet full of ſenſibility: underſtanding, enjoying, extracting the eſſence, the quinteſſence of pleaſure from every object of pleaſure, yet deriving ſtill more from the ſacrifice of it all to another. Is his friend in diſtreſs? he will with pleaſure give up his purſe to relieve him. In danger? he will with ſtill more pleaſure expoſe his perſon to defend him. How lovely! how ſtriking!

and

and let me add, that Phormio is not only judicious and ſenſible, but judicious and ſenſible in the higheſt degree; the ſame principle that led his taſte to the preciſion of every pleaſure, ſeems to have directed his underſtanding to that of every truth and every elegance. Thus was Phormio happily form'd, as if nature had for once infus'd a ſuperior ſpirit to ſhew man the amiableneſs and the felicity of that virtue which is her own gift. Phorbas look'd up to Phormio and ſaw that he was made to be virtuous, and could not be otherwiſe; he ſaw this, and however upright his heart, he could not but feel its inferiority compared with that of Phormio: he was juſt, but he had never felt the tranſport of being more than juſt; he diſdain'd to do wrong, but he underſtood not the endearments of delicacy, the minute refinements of generoſity, of doing that which is ſublimely right. It is true indeed that he ſtudied, he anticipated the wiſhes of his friend, and gratified them to his own inconvenience, but he did not *enjoy* the virtue; his natural bent directed him not to it, he was not proportionably happy, nor did others proportionably approve. Phorbas was virtuous

tuous from reaſon and reflection; Phormio from nature, and elevation of ſoul; the virtue of of Phorbas was moſt meritorious, the virtue of Phormio moſt endearing.

We confeſs our faults in the plural, and deny them in the ſingular.

The great comfort of mankind is ſociety; but it ſeeems as if neither the *firſt* men of the world nor the *laſt* were the beſt calculated to enjoy it. The two polar regions of the globe are fabled to be inhabited, one by giants, the other by pigmies, and both are moſt uncomfortable climates: the intermediate regions are inhabited by middle ſiz'd men, and thoſe are the happy countries.

It is a ludicrous kind of thought, yet certainly a true one, that poets and painters have hitherto given us a falſe repreſentation of Time, as the meaſure of duration, by drawing him an old man; they ſhould paint him middle-aged; for if he *has* always exiſted, *will* he not always exiſt? and is not every point of duration, however diſtant from the preſent, equally the *middle* of eternity?

A FOOL has often the contrivance of a man of ſenſe, and a man of ſenſe the prejudice of a fool.

WHAT nice diſtinctions are to be made in the characters of mankind! contempt for money and profuſion, have the ſame line of ſeparation between them that virtue and vice have.

SOME men miſtake talking about ſenſe, for talking ſenſe.

ONE has ſometimes ſeen at a maſquerade an agreeable maſk, which in ſpight of ones knowing it was a maſk, has commanded one's attention the whole night; may not this happen too in the great maſquerade of the world?

THE general harmony of the phyſical world is maintained by a particular quality in each body, by which it attracts every thing to its own centre; it is exactly the ſame in the moral.

EVEN juſtice itſelf is ſometimes offenſive to the generous and delicate mind.

SOME men are ſeldom out of humour becauſe they are ſeldom in humour.

We do not often I fear commend a man, but for an apology to find fault with him; but we ſeldom indeed find fault with ourſelves, but for an apology to commend ourſelves.

Many men would have more wiſdom if they had leſs wit.

The deſire to pleaſe often fruſtrates itſelf; but in this caſe the deſire to pleaſe will generally be found to proceed rather from a ſelfiſh than a ſocial motive.

We are often governed by people not only weaker than ourſelves, but even whom we think ſo.

I see many minds which are, if I may be allowed the figure, well ſeated, but I ſee hardly any that have any elbow-room.

The ſenſes feed ſentiment, and ſentiment the ſenſes.

We are not ſlow at diſcovering the ſelfiſhneſs of others for this plain reaſon, becauſe it claſhes with our own: as to the falſhood of others, the caſe is extreamly different, for there nothing but the mere

love

love of truth can encourage the detection. Let us not then be ſurprized to ſee ſo much leſs falſhood diſcovered than ſelfiſhneſs.

MAN is ſaid to be a *rational creature*, but ſhould it not rather be ſaid, that man is a *creature capable of being rational*, as we ſay a parrot is *a creature capable of ſpeech*.

SOME men do by their ſenſe, as farmers in the market by their corn, paſs off a good deal of bad by the help of a little good.

WE laugh heartily to ſee a whole flock of ſheep jump becauſe one did ſo; might not one imagine that ſuperior beings do the ſame by us, and for exactly the ſame reaſon?

THERE are few men but have more cunning than we ſuſpect them of, and leſs than they ſuſpect themſelves of.

How cunning, how clever was I! ſays Paon to himſelf, the moment he returned home from the company he had been with. D—n it, ſays he, they muſt not think I am a dupe. I can ſee pretty well how things go; I think I flung out there—aye, I did Illyrius's buſineſs.—Gad, I am a charming clever

clever fellow!——Alas, poor Paon! how little doſt thou think that each man ſaid pretty much the ſame thing to himſelf before he went to ſleep.—And poſſibly you did give it Illyrius, but if you did, he or ſomebody elſe gave it you. There is, my poor Paon, an eternal reciprocration of thoſe ſmart clever blows, and it is part of each man's buſineſs to perſuade himſelf that he gives *all* and receives *none*.

If it be granted that our ideas of the ſame things may be extreamly different at different times and places, who ſhall decide at which they are juſt and true?

We are oftner deceived by being told ſome truth than no truth.

There are faults which as they become greater diſpleaſe leſs.

Is that young Eſchylus coming down * Fops-alley? No ſure; yes it is: it is his figure; and yet it is not his air; yes faith, now he is nearer I ſee it is Eſchylus. But, heavens! what a metamorphoſes! let any thing but—*himſelf be his parallel!*——poor boy! it was but laſt year, ſo humble, ſo

* A place in the opera houſe.

modeſt,

modeſt, ſo condeſcending! and how glad was one to encourage him! and can a few fleeting moons then have made ſo great an alteration? my dear Eſchylus, I am hurt,—I mean for you———what don't you know me? my dear Eſchylus!—you have got a touch of the *qui vive* too, have you not? I muſt not laugh; but yet the thing diverts me, I want to laugh: What! a puppy! bow to the counteſs too!———well faith, I ſhall laugh: why you are not perfect, you cock your chin, and look about you, and make the agreeable,—very diſagreeably! depend upon it, if you don't play the monkey *better*, you will be———very ridiculous!

HA! there he is; obſerve Dorimon, young Eſchylus; he does it with a ſwing!—Dorimon is ſomething like a coxcomb; why, he would beat you *under his leg*;—Yes, Dorimon, you make me laugh, but I love to laugh with you Dorimon. My dear Dorimon! will you ſit by me? *tant mieux!* Tell me then, thou happy Dog! how many this laſt week? ha, only one counteſs; ay, you are diſcreet; come, the kept miſtreſſes,

you

you *may* own them; faith I won't divulge: well, I'll keep the ſecret; and really that's a vaſt number for one week. Look, Eſchylus, ſee how eaſy it ſits upon him! look at his cloaths too, they are not *too fine*, and they ſit well upon him; nor is my friend afraid of rumpling them or himſelf. Yes, Dorimon *is* a coxcomb! and, believe me, Eſchylus, there are faults which diſpleaſe even from being *incompleat*.

You would know how a man talks to judge of his underſtanding; and yet, poſſibly, however great the paradox, the very contrary method might be leſs fallible; the knowing how he hears might ſhew it you much better: there is a kind of mechanical flow belonging to a man's converſation, which, when *put in motion*, goes perhaps roundly, and ingeniouſly, and yet ſeems, ſometimes, leſs the operation of reaſon than habit: he may at the ſame time be deſtitute of the faculty of dividing, weighing, diſtinguiſhing, and judging: *hearing* then, may, perhaps, be more the teſt of ſenſe than *ſpeaking*.

How ſtupid is young Theocles! he was with us an hour, and whilſt Cleon, the

other young man his companion, entertained us with a great deal of ſenſible converſation, he had not one word to ſay for himſelf; he will ſurely make a bad figure in the world; he can have no parts: thus was I told by every one preſent, nor did I contradict it; and yet, as to myſelf, how differently did I think! Theocles, I obſerv'd, did not once fail expreſſing in his countenance, that he underſtood and taſted every thing that was ſaid, Cleon never: he attended to nothing but what he himſelf utter'd: that was a ſuperficial flow, a ſomething, a nothing, yet all that it could ever be; incapable of increaſe or improvement. Theocles on the contrary, with ten times the qualifications for talking, thought he had too few to expoſe his ſentiments amongſt thoſe which his amiable prejudice eſteemed ſo much ſuperior to his own. Theocles was diffident for the ſame reaſon that lambs are playful; the cauſe was nature and propriety: I ſaw him ſmile with a delicate approbation of ſentiment, at an account of generoſity and love; I ſaw him ſmile with ſcorn and indignation at a ſtory of meanneſs and diſhonour; I ſaw his eyes animated, and his features glow

glow at an account of ſpirit and gallantry: and Cleon all this time alter'd not a muſcle of his face. As ſoon as he had an opportunity he told his own ſtory indeed properly and without confuſion: Theocles told no ſtory, he had not a word to offer.—— what a difference!

EVERY man loves virtue better than vice; but then he loves himſelf better than either, and *in his own way*.

THE beſt judges of pleaſure, are the beſt judges of virtue.

COMPLAINT againſt fortune, is often a maſk'd apology for indolence.

SOME men put me in mind of half-bred horſes, which often grow worſe in proportion as you feed and exerciſe them for improvement.

THE more perfect the nature, the more weak, the more wrong, the more abſurd, may be ſomething in a character; to explain the paradox, if a mind is delicate and ſuſceptible, falſe impreſſions in education will have a bad effect in proportion to that ſuſceptibility, and, conſequently, may pro-

duce an evil, which a ſtupid and inſenſible nature might have avoided.—What a leſſon to thoſe who have the charge of education!

We often reject the dictates of reaſon, even when they are in favour of ſelf-love.

A rogue who fears to be taken up, will mechanically ſlip to a corner and get out of the way when he is not in the leaſt danger; and many of the curious ſchemes of cunning, proceed from much the ſame principle, and have much the ſame uſe.

It is from a beauty, a perfection of nature, that we are affected and grieved at a particular event or fault in ourſelves or others; without that beauty or perfection it might have paſs'd by as a wind, a nothing; —painful preeminence!

Disagreeable qualities are often heighten'd by reſtraint, as the power of a ſpring is increas'd by drawing it back.

He that ſees ever ſo accurately, ever ſo finely into the motives of other people's acting, may poſſibly be entirely ignorant as to his own: it is by the mental as the corporal eye, the object may be placed too near the

the ſight to be ſeen truly as well as too far off; nay too near to be ſeen at all.

I PITY a king that is not vain, I envy one that is.

As love will often make a wiſe man act like a fool, ſo will intereſt often make a fool act like a wiſe man.

AFTER having found a man rational and agreeable, in many different inſtances, we are ſurprized to find him quite otherwiſe in *ſome one* which we had not touched upon: you may, if you pleaſe, have your harpſichord tuned in ſuch a manner as to have ſeveral keys in perfect tune, but then you muſt have *ſome one* horridly diſcordant; the inſtrument is imperfect, and the diſcord muſt be thrown *ſomewhere*. May not man be ſuch a ſort of inſtrument?

WE often ſee characters in the world, which we ſhould call ridiculouſly extravagant in a book.

UNJUST accuſations ſeldom affect us much, but from having *ſome* juſtice in them.

WITHOUT content we ſhall find it almoſt as difficult to pleaſe others as ourſelves.

OF two players at tennis a good judge may prefer the play of the worſt; of two colts who run together, a diſcerning jocky may think the beaten one the moſt eligible; and of two underſtandings a penetrating man may ſee that the inferior one in preſent, is likely to become the ſuperior in future.

REMEDIES for the mind, as well as the body, are often diſguſtful in proportion as they are ſalutary.

IT ſeems as if ſome men were allowed merit, as beggars are relieved with money, merely from having made people weary of refuſing.

MEN and ſtatues that are admired in an elevated ſituation, have a very different effect upon us when we approach them, the firſt appear leſs than we imagined them, the laſt bigger.

MODESTY in women, ſay ſome ſhrewd philoſophers, is not *natural*; it is artificial

and acquired, but what then, and to what end, is that *natural* taſte, that delicate ſenſation, that approbation of it in man?

THE union of characters ſeems to have much the ſame ſort of law as the union of ſounds, the ſame note makes *good* concord, but a quite different one *much better.*

THERE are things which we are in doubt whether to call very good or very bad, tho' we are ſure they are one or the other. As great wit is nearly allied to madneſs, * ſo there is but a very narrow bound between the utmoſt excurſions of wit, and the firſt ſallies of frenzy. When Milton talks of *viſible darkneſs*; of *prodigies* produced by *nature*; of *death* that *lives*, of *life* that *dies*; we know that he has reached the laſt verge of propriety, and we are apt to doubt whether he has not paſſed it. So when Pope ſuppoſes Newton to be ſhewn by angels, as a

* " Great wits to madneſs ſure are near ally'd,
" And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
DRYDEN.

monkey is by men, our taſte is as much in doubt about his propriety, as our judgment is about that of Milton.

THERE is often in women ſomething of a pleaſurable ſenſibility, which, though very attractive, in its infancy, yet as it increaſes neceſſarily degenerates into ſomething which has quite a contrary effect; ſuch women are like ſome fruits beſt *before* they are ripe.

POLITICS is the food of ſenſe expos'd to the hunger of folly.

THE Great ſee the world at one end by flattery, the Little at the other end by neglect; the meanneſs which both diſcover is the ſame, but how different alas! are the mediums thro' which it is ſeen?

PEOPLE oftner want ſomething to be *taken away* to make them agreeable, than ſomething to be *added.*

COMPARISON is the greateſt cheat, and yet often the greateſt friend to mankind.

OUR companions pleaſe us leſs from the charms we find in their converſation, than from thoſe they find in ours.

When real nobleneſs accompanies that imaginary one of birth, the imaginary ſeems to mix with the real, and becomes real too.

Ask the man of adverſity how other men act towards him, aſk thoſe others how he acts towards them; adverſity is the true touch-ſtone of merit in both; happy if it does not produce the diſhoneſty of meanneſs in one, and that of inſolence and pride in the other!

We do not always like people the better for paying us *all* the court which we ourſelves think our due.

There is ſometimes, let it be granted, a very ſatisfactory ſenſation in preferring our own pleaſure to that of another: it is ſurpaſs'd by none in the world, except that of preferring the pleaſure of another to our own.

One is methinks tempted to believe of certain men that they imagine giving pleaſure to be like giving money, and that the very portion of it they afford to others muſt neceſſarily

neceſſarily be *taken away* from themſelves.

Even affectation is natural, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, to ſome men, and therefore pleaſing.

A perſon aſſerts a thing is good or bad true or falſe, ſaying *he knows it to be ſo*; but how proper would it generally be for him firſt to prove himſelf a *competent judge!*

We ſometimes think we have diſcovered a new truth that lay very deep, when perhaps we have only a lively ſenſe of ſomething, which others feel in a leſs degree.

Scholarship, or if you will, learning, is perpetually rung in my ears as the *ſummum bonum*, the one thing neceſſary to man; to ſay of a perſon that he is a good ſcholar, ſeems to imply every kind of ſuperiority, to ſay he is no ſcholar juſt the contrary. But I confeſs, that after much reflection and much enquiry, I am yet at a loſs to comprehend this mighty advantage of ſcholarſhip; ſome advantage to be ſure it has, but perhaps not to minds of the firſt claſs; it ſometimes prevents

vents the excurſions of a vigorous underſtanding by keeping it in a beaten track: It perpetuates error by impoſing received opinions upon thoſe who, if they had begun the enquiry, would have diſcovered truth; it divides the attention, and ſometimes fixes it to ſubjects which are not ſuited to that particular genius and turn of mind which nature would have exerted upon ſome other, the object of her own choice, with infinite advantage: by loading the memory it reſtrains imagination, and by multiplying precepts it anticipates the judgment. Give me the man whoſe knowledge is deriv'd from the copious ſource of his own reaſon, whoſe mind is fill'd with ideas that ſprung not from books but thought; whoſe principles are conſiſtent becauſe deduced in a regular ſeries from each other, and not ſcraps of different ſyſtems gleaned from the works of others, and huddled together without examining their incongruity: where is the ſcholar whoſe opinion is entirely his own? and where is the genius whom we wiſh to have known he opinions of others? are we ſure that Shakeſpear would have been the wonder he was, had he been *a deep ſcholar!*———

Oh clever! and in a man of faſhion too! Gyges will quote you from Virgil and Horace, *in Latin*, till you ſtare again!—— Its true, that he is aukwardly dreſs'd; that he lives ill, and above all, that he generally takes the falſe ſide of the queſtion; *but he will* quote, *ye gods! how he will* quote!

Melissa has not much *common*, but a great deal of *uncommon*, or if you will, *out of the way* ſenſe. She underſtands latin, has written much verſe, has read a good deal of hiſtory, and a great deal of metaphyſicks; ſhe is a zealous enemy of ſuperſtition and prieſtcraft, and holds Moſes and all ſuch people extremely cheap: Meliſſa will ſport a ſubject with you willingly; and if you talk more upon it than ſhe, I had almoſt ſaid better, I am not a little miſtaken: her words flow with ſuch eaſy volubility, that certainly if you have any taſte Meliſſa will attract your attention, poſſibly your admiration; but then you muſt not turn the ſtream, you muſt not put her mind out of its courſe, for the road once loſt ſhe will wander farther and farther from it in endleſs

perplexity; ſhe goes on where ſhe ſees the track, but never yet aſked herſelf whither it would lead her: ſhe talks not from ſentiment but from memory, and a kind of inſtinct, ſo that though what ſhe ſays is rational, yet ſhe has not herſelf deduced it from reaſon. The regular dependance of one principle upon another is what ſhe leaſt regards, and ſhe is therefore ſo inconſiſtent that often has Meliſſa diſputed powerfully, nay ſelf-perſuaſively on Monday on one ſide, and on Tueſday on the other. In her diſcourſes too, ſhe conſiders herſelf much more than the perſon ſhe ſpeaks to, and therefore ſhe often tells a ſentimental ſtory to a civil liſtening country farmer, and ſome cant joke of one ſociety to a member of another. As to others, indeed, Meliſſa thinks little about them, and be you a celebrated author, a man of ſenſe, a blockhead, a coxcomb, or a pedant, ſhe equally attends to you and to herſelf: Minuties ſhe little regards, ſhe is not one of thoſe prying mortals who from a word, a motion, or look, will catch the ideas or deſigns of another, and though very knowing in theory, yet as ſhe

the

knows theory only by rote, ſhe is often extreamly ignorant in the practice of the very theory ſhe is ſo well acquainted with. Meliſſa rather likes than deſpiſes dreſs, and there too her diſregard of Minuties taſte and connection manifeſts itſelf: ſhe has been known to change her ſhoes in the morning without changing the buckles, and ſo wear her ſhoes a whole day with the two ſtraps pointing towards each other, nor does ſhe care how they ſit to her feet, or how or of what they are made: her ribbands too are either left to the choice of her maid, or elſe perhaps odly choſen by herſelf; and when ſhe has put on a rich gown which required one kind of aſſortment, ſhe has been known totally to ſpoil its effect by another. With Meliſſa, in ſhort, you muſt diſtinguiſh between a love for dreſs, and a taſte for dreſs. But has not nature, when ſhe gave ſuch flying agility to the roe, refuſed him the ſtrength of the lion? why then may not Corinna poſſeſs thoſe feminine graces which are refuſed to Meliſſa? Corinna was one day ſo much admired in the preſence of Meliſſa for the becoming elegance of her cloaths, that Meliſſa ordered the very ſame for herſelf, and yet, ſtrange conſequence! no one

admired

admired them at all upon her: ſhe proved, that it is the perſon which adorns the dreſs, not the dreſs the perſon. Corinna pulls her hair about with her fingers for two minutes, and no head is ſo well coiffed: Meliſſa ſits ſometimes two hours to her *Accomodeur*, and few appear worſe. Meliſſa, in ſhort, fixes her chief attention on *your great objects*; Corinna, on the graceful ones. With Meliſſa and Corinna you have your choice——— as your taſte happens to be———between a lady of———*maſculine knowledge*, or———*feminine ignorance.*

CAMILLA is really what writers have ſo often imagined, or rather ſhe poſſeſſes a combination of delicacies, which they have ſeldom had minuteneſs of virtue and taſte enough to conceive; to ſay ſhe is beautiful, ſhe is accompliſh'd, ſhe is generous, ſhe is tender, is talking in general, and it is the particular I would deſcribe. In her perſon ſhe is almoſt tall and almoſt thin; graceful, commanding, and inſpiring a kind of tender reſpect; the tone of her voice is melodious, and ſhe can neither look nor move without expreſſing ſomething to her advantage:

poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed of almoſt every excellence ſhe is unconſcious of any, and thus heightens them all: ſhe is modeſt and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the ſubject on which ſhe gives it, and ſees the queſtion in its true light: ſhe has neither pride, prejudice nor precipitancy to miſguide her; ſhe is true, and therefore judges truly. If there are ſubjects too intricate, too complicated for the feminine ſimplicity of her ſoul, her ignorance of them, ſerves only to diſplay a new beauty in her character which reſults from her acknowledging, nay, perhaps from her poſſeſſing that very ignorance. The great characteriſtic of Camilla's underſtanding is taſte; but when ſhe ſays moſt upon a ſubject ſhe ſtill ſhews that ſhe has much more to ſay, and by this unwillingneſs to triumph ſhe perſuades the more. With the moſt refined ſentiment ſhe poſſeſſes the ſofteſt ſenſibility, and it lives and ſpeaks in every feature of her face. Is Camilla melancholy? does ſhe ſigh? every body is affected. They enquire whether any misfortune has happened to Camilla; they find that ſhe ſighed for the misfortune of another,

other, and they are affected ſtill more. Young, lovely, and high born, Camilla graces every company, and heightens the brillancy of courts; wherever ſhe appears all others ſeem by a natural impulſe to feel her ſuperiority; and yet when ſhe converſes ſhe has the art of inſpiring others with an eaſe which they never knew before: ſhe joins to the moſt ſcrupulous politeneſs the moſt chearful gaiety, free both from reſtraint and boldneſs; always gentle, yet never inferior; always unaſſuming, yet never aſhamed or aukward; for ſhame and aukwardneſs are the effects of pride, which is too often miſcalled modeſty; nay to the moſt critical diſcernment ſhe adds ſomething of a bluſhing timidity which ſerves but to give a meaning and piquancy even to her looks, and admirable effect of true ſuperiority! by this ſilent unaſſuming merit, ſhe over-awes the turbulent and the proud, and ſtops the torrent of that indecent, that overbearing noiſe with which inferior natures in ſuperior ſtations overwhelm the ſlaviſh and the mean. Yes, all admire and love and reverence Camilla.

You ſee a character that you admire, and you think it perfect; do you therefore conclude that every different character is imperfect? what, will you allow a variety of beauty almoſt equally ſtriking in the art of a Corregio, a Guido, and a Raphael, and refuſe it to the infinity of nature! how different from lovely Camilla is the beloved Flora! in Camilla, nature has diſplay'd the beauty of exact regularity, and the elegant ſoftneſs of female propriety. In Flora, ſhe charms with a certain artleſs poignancy, a graceful negligence, and an uncontrolled yet blameleſs freedom. Flora has ſomething original and peculiar about her, a charm which is not eaſily defined; to know her and to love her is the ſame thing, but you cannot know her by deſcription. Her perſon is rather touching than majeſtic, her features more expreſſive than regular, and her manner pleaſes rather becauſe it is reſtrained by no rule, than becauſe it is conformable to any that cuſtom has eſtabliſhed. Camilla puts you in mind of the moſt perfect muſic that can be compoſed; Flora, of the wild ſweetneſs which is ſometimes produced by the irregular play of the breeze upon

the Æolian harp. Camilla reminds you of a lovely young queen: Flora, of her more lovely maid of honour. In Camilla you admire the decency of the Graces; in Flora, the attractive ſweetneſs of the Loves. Artleſs ſenſibility, wild native feminine gayety, and the moſt touching tenderneſs of ſoul, are the ſtrange characteriſtics of Flora. Her countenance glows with youthful beauty, which all art ſeems rather to diminiſh than increaſe, rather to hide than adorn: and while Camilla charms you with the choice of her dreſs, Flora enchants you by the neglect of hers. Thus different are the beauties which nature has manifeſted in Camilla and Flora! yet while ſhe has, in this contrariety ſhewn the extent of her power to pleaſe, ſhe has alſo proved, that truth and virtue are always the ſame. Generoſity and tenderneſs are the firſt principles in the minds of both favourites, and were never poſſeſſed in an higher degree than they are poſſeſſed by Flora; ſhe is juſt as attentive to the intereſt of others as ſhe is negligent of her own, and though ſhe could ſubmit to any misfortune that could befal herſelf, yet ſhe hardly knows how to bear the misfortunes

another. Thus does Flora unite the ſtrongeſt ſenſibility and the moſt lively gayety, and both are expreſſed with the moſt bewitching mixture in her countenance. While Camilla inſpires a reverence that keeps you at a reſpectful yet admiring diſtance, Flora excites the moſt ardent yet elegant deſire: Camilla reminds you of the dignity of Diana, Flora of the attractive ſenſibility of Caliſto: Camilla almoſt elevates you to the ſenſibility of angels, Flora delights you with the loveliеſt idea of woman.

THE bad ſide of poverty is not the want of money for ourſelves, but for other people, for how trifling is the mortification of ſelf-denial, compared to that of being obliged to the ungenerous, or diſappointing the worthy? and how can either be avoided by the indigent and generous man?

WE are forward in our offers of ſervice that are of no conſequence, in proportion as we are backward in thoſe that are.

As we generally overlook every weak thing a man of ſuperior underſtanding ſays, ſo we do every ſtrong one that a man of inferior underſtanding happens to ſay.

What a Reflection? and if true, who of us is ſafe? the very diſpoſition of mind which is the cauſe of any particular wrong thinking, is alſo an indiſpoſition, I will not ſay an incapacity, to correct it.

It is odds but he who is not duped at *coming* into the world has a touch of the knave in his character, as it is odds but he who is duped *when he is* in the world, has a touch of the fool.

Would you ſee Pylades and Oreſtes, thoſe ſworn friends and companions of antiquity revived?—I will ſhew you a modern Pylades and Oreſtes, and, if you are ſerious, you will honour the ſublimity of modern friendſhip. One of theſe friends, I mean of the moderns, is a lord, the other writes himſelf *gent.* My lord Pylades is affluent, not inacceſſible, and a joker: Gent. Oreſtes is poor, complying, and-——moſt willingly—a butt. See then what rare harmony theſe two inſtruments make together.—His lordſhip would be ſorry not to have his deareſt friend at any one of the great dinners which he often gives to his fellow-

nobles and others; and the *gentleman* would be as ſorry not to aſſiſt at the ceremony, not to heighten the mirth, not to give himſelf for fewel to the fire of his patron's wit. One day lord Pylades cracked ſome joke, and laughed moſt heartily at it; *gentleman* Oreſtes immediately laughed as much to the full: the perſon who ſat next him not having heard what was ſaid, aſked him what they laughed at. I don't know, ſaid Oreſtes, I laughed becauſe my lord laughed. *Idem velle atque idem nolle cademum* is Oreſtes's motto; arms, paternal arms, he happened not to have, ſo he choſe his own, and this is his motto. Says Pylades, that Oreſtes is an honeſt poor devil; there is not much in him--but he is an honeſt poor creature; I am really fond of him; now and then I'm a little hard upon him. I love joking, but I really mean him no harm, he knows he is welcome to every thing I have. Oreſtes ſays very much the ſame thing; his lordſhip makes a little free with him, cuts his joke upon him, bids him open the door, ſhut the door, hold his tongue, and takes twenty ſuch little freedoms, but he eſteems it an honour and a pleaſure to

oblige

oblige his friend; what! have ſcruples with one's friend! his generoſity is above it. Oreſtes, ſays Pylades, you are not angry with me for thoſe jokes I cut upon you yeſterday, are you? not at all my lord. Ay, you know I mean no harm, but you're a good creature: what have you been ſo kind as to get in thoſe rents for me? yes, my lord. And paid away that money for me? yes, my lord. Well, Oreſtes, thou art an honeſt fellow, and a good friend to me, that's the truth of the matter.

OF how little credit to you will be the proof, that you *would have done* a very clever thing but from an accident having intervened in your disfavour, compared to the demonſtration of your *having done* a clever thing from an accident which intervened in your favour.

SURELY no man can reflect without wonder upon the viciſſitudes of human life ariſing from cauſes in the higheſt degree accidental and trifling: if you trace the neceſſary concatenation of human events a very little way back, you may perhaps diſcover that a perſon's very going in, or out

of a door, has been the means of colouring with miſery or happineſs the remaining current of his life. It was poſſibly ſome circumſtance equally trifling, that thus totally varied the Diſpoſitions of Caſtalio and Demetrius. Caſtalio and Demetrius were two young noblemen whom birth, family connection, and above all, ſympathy of ſouls, had united in the moſt endearing intimacy: they had run together hand in hand through part of that ſometimes delicious period, youth: that period in which irregularities have appeared beauties, nay, have even extorted, from the very formaliſts who condemned them, the involuntary, and therefore moſt convincing ſmile of approbation. See how every rapture of Caſtalio's ſoul was exchanged for diſguſt, regret and deſpair! thus did he pour forth the ſorrowful Effuſions of his heart.

Ah!

Ah! what avails the length'ning mead,
By nature's kindeſt bounty ſpread,
Along the vale of flow'rs!
Ah! what avails the darkning grove,
Or Philomel's melodious love,
That glads the midnight hours!

For me, alas! the god of day,
Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn ſpray,
Nor night her comfort brings;
I have no pleaſure in the roſe,
For me no vernal beauty blows,
Nor Philomela ſings.

See how the ſturdy peaſants ſtride
Adown yon hillock's verdant ſide,
In chearful ign'rance bleſt!
Alike to them the roſe or thorn;
Alike ariſes ev'ry morn,
By gay contentment dreſs'd.

Content, fair daughter of the ſkies,
Or gives ſpontaneous, or denies,
Her choice divinely free;
She viſits oft the hamlet cot,
When want and ſorrow are the lot
Of avarice——or me!

But ſee—or is it fancy's dream?
Methought a bright celeſtial gleam,
  Shot ſudden through the groves;——
Behold, behold, in looſe array,
Euphroſyne more bright than day,
  More mild than paphian doves!

Welcome, oh! welcome pleaſure's queen!
And ſee along the velvet green,
  The jocund train advance;
With ſcatter'd flow'rs they fill the air,
The wood-nymph's dew-beſpangled hair
  Plays in the ſportive dance.

Ah baneful grant of angry heav'n,
When to the feeling wretch is giv'n,
  A ſoul alive to joy!
Joys fly with ev'ry hour away,
And leave th' unguarded heart a prey,
  To cares that peace deſtroy.

And ſee, with viſionary haſte,
Too ſoon!——the gay deluſion paſt!
  Reality remains:
Deſpair has ſeiz'd my captive ſoul,
And horror drives without controul,
  And ſlackens ſtill the reins.

Ten thouſand beauties round me throng:
What beauties, ſay ye Nine! belong
To the diſtemper'd ſoul?
I ſee the lawn of hideous dye,
The tow'ring elm nods miſery,
With groans the waters roll.

Ye gilded roofs, palladian domes,
Ye vivid tints of Perſia's looms,
Ye were for mis'ry made;——
'Twas thus the man of ſorrow ſpoke;
His wayward ſtep then penſive took,
Along th' unhallow'd ſhade.

And hear the jovial philoſophy, the ſpirit, the rapture of young Demetrius: thus did his glad heart vent its joyful ſoliloquy.

Yes, to the ſages be it told,
However great, or wiſe, or old,——
Fair pleaſure's my purſuit;
For her I breathe the joyful day,
For her through nature's wilds I ſtray,
And cull the flow'rs and fruit.

Sweep, ſweep the lute's enchanting ſtring,
And all thy ſweets lov'd lux'ry bring!
" T' enjoy is to obey ;"
The heav'nly mandate ſtill prevail,
And let each unwiſe wretch bewail,
The dire, neglected day.

Ah! graceleſs wretch! to diſobey!
And devious quit the flow'ry way,
And ſlight the gods decree!
Still, ſtill, ye gods, the bleſſings ſend!
If e'er my guilty hands offend,
Indeed my heart is free.

In pleaſure's ray ſee nature ſhine,
How dull, alas! at wiſdom's ſhrine!
" 'Tis folly to be wiſe ;
Colluſive term, poor vain pretence,
Enjoyment ſure is real ſenſe
In philoſophic eyes.

I love the carol of the hound,
Enraptur'd on the living ground
In daſhing ecſtacy ;
I love the aukward courſer's ſtride,
The courſer that has been *well-try'd*,
And with him eager fly.

And yes, I love, ye ſneering wiſe,——
Fair honour, ſpurning ſtill at lies,
As courting liberty;
Still hand in hand great nature goes,
With joys to honour never foes,
And all thoſe joys are free.

And welcome thrice to Britiſh land,
From Italy's voluptuous ſtrand,
Ye deſtin'd men of art;
Breathe on the thrilling meaning ſound,
Each grace ſhall ſtill be faithful found,
At your admirer's heart.

Avert, ye gods! that curſe of fools,
The pride of theoretic rules;
That dupery of ſenſe:
I ne'er refuſe the proffer'd joy,
With ev'ry good---that can annoy---
Moſt eaſily diſpenſe.

I catch each rapture as it flies,
Each happy loſs a gain ſupplies,
And boon ſtill follows boon:
The ſmile of beauty gilds my day,
Regardleſs of her frowns I ſtray;——
Thus through my hours I run!

But let me not for idle rhime,
Neglect, ungrateful, good old time:
Dear watch! thou art obey'd:
'Twas thus the man of pleaſure ſpoke,
His jovial ſtep then careleſs took
To Cælia——or her maid.

When we ſay ſuch a man has ſpirit, I ſhould like to hear *ſome* devout perſons give a definition of the word.

There is, amongſt friends, a neglect that is flattering, and an attention that is mortifying.

If you have a great deal of taſte for a particular ſubject, you may do very well with a perſon who has *no taſte at all*, but there is no doing with one who has a *little taſte* for it.

There is a certain author who produces perpetual paradoxes in my mind; I am at a loſs to decide whether he charms or offends me moſt, whether to call him the *firſt* of writers or the *laſt:* and this one would think a difficulty likewiſe with other people, for he has written what has had merit enough

to

to get into all hands, and defect enough to be flung out of all. It is his great praiſe, his honour, that he is condemned by ſenſible men, and applauded by weak women; for the firſt are often as ignorant of the powers of the heart, as the laſt are of thoſe of the underſtanding. He is in many particulars the moſt minute, fine, delicate, obſerver of human nature I ever met with; the moſt refin'd and juſt in his ſentiments; but he often carries that refinement into purility, and that juſtneſs into taſteleſneſs; he not only enters upon thoſe beautiful and touching diſtinctions which the groſs conceptions of moſt men are incapable of diſcerning, but he falls alſo upon all the trivial ſilly circumſtances of ſociety, which can have attractions only for a nurſery: this writer poſſeſſes infinite powers both of delicacy and reaſon, but he poſſeſſes not the judicious faculty of directing thoſe powers. He is deficient in TASTE: hence he is irregular and falſe in his notions of the manners he treats of: he plainly ſhews that he has neither from nature nor education the kind of intelligence, which ſhould guide him in the purſuit he attempts: his underſtanding

ſeem

ſeems to be hampered and confined, it wants enlargement, freedom, or to ſay all in one word, TASTE; his men of the world are ſtrange debauchées, his women ridiculouſly outrées, both in good and bad qualities; parts there are, not only of the moſt refin'd, the moſt elevated, I had almoſt ſaid the moſt celeſtial delicacy; but even of gaiety, eaſe, and agreeableneſs: but you ſee plainly that the writer is not A MASTER deficiencies, ſtiffneſs, improprieties, break in upon you at times, and ſhock you: and you grieve that he does not pleaſe you more—or leſs.

REASON puts me in mind of the pound ſterling which we all pay with *nominally* tho' not *really*.

ONE great reaſon why men practiſe generoſity ſo little in the world, is, their finding ſo little there: generoſity is catching, and if ſo many men eſcape it, it is in a great degree from the ſame reaſon that countrymen eſcape the ſmall-pox; becauſe they meet with no one to give it them.

I WONDER La Rochfaucault never ſaid, that we loved generoſity becauſe we got by it: it would have been methinks agreeable to the ſyſtem of that ingenious and pleaſing writer. And let me, in the midſt of my admiration of his delicate diſcernment, cenſure that overſtraining keenneſs in him, which in his diſquiſitions into nature went ſometimes to ſources to which ſhe does not ſeem to have aſcended herſelf. It appears to me, that he ſometimes gives us cauſes for things which are primary in themſelves, and that he really *did* what Leibnitz thought it unreaſonable to require, as appears by his pleaſant queſtion to ſome curious queen, when he ſaid, *Vous voulez, madame, que je vous donne le pourquoi du pourquoi?*

WHAT fire and what eaſe in the language and painting of La Bruiere! how maſterly, how minute, and yet how ſpirited! I admire theſe excellencies; I ſee alſo marks of good ſenſe and right thinking in his writings, and thus far I approve La Bruiere: but I ſuffer not his excellencies to dazzle my ſight or diſguiſe his faults with a falſe luſtre: I never regulate my opinion by that of

 others,

others, and I boldy declare that I ſee little penetration, little compaſs of thought in La Bruiere: I think he dwells upon trifles, and ſeems too much taken up with them to have contemplated ſuch objects as alone are worthy the attention of a genius; *Il ne penetre que l'ecorce des hommes*, is a remark upon him by a friend of mine which pleaſes me much. What a difference between La Bruiere and La Rochfaucault! I ſee methinks, ſometimes at leaſt I think I ſee in La Bruiere, a ſatyr produced by ſpleen; in La Rochfaucault, a keenneſs ariſing from real curioſity and truth; La Bruiere ſometimes adopts a dubious principle, merely becauſe it is diſadvantageous to mankind; La Rochfaucault indeed ſometimes does wrong to humanity, but it always follows by juſt conſequence from his own principle, and is always the genuine branch of one radical miſtake. In my opinion La Rochfaucault is *generally* ſearching, deep, intuitive, and great; La Bruiere *generally* half diſcerning, and little.

What an amazing quality has turpentine! ſtir and agitate its particles, you give it prodigious force, leave it to itſelf it has

none at all: emblem of the faculties of man!

THERE is a ſort of learned pedant at Oxford, who at Paris would have been a *petit maitre manquè*.

IT is well known that none can give ſo accurate an account of any errors or follies, as thoſe who have been ſubject to them themſelves, or at leaſt connected with ſome that have. They know the *fort* and the *foible*, the *pour* and the *contre*. They know, and they only know, becauſe they have *felt*, what was the charm that faſcinated, the attraction that drew, and the tie that bound; they therefore can beſt deſcribe, and moſt effectually expoſe them: who, for inſtance, could ſo effectually expoſe the fopperies of popery, as a converted papiſt? thoſe who are leſs minutely acquainted with the ſubject, will ſometimes go too far, and ſometimes ſtop ſhort; but it unfortunately happens, that men generally cenſure *becauſe* they do not underſtand, at leaſt they cenſure thoſe things which a *natural averſion* has prevented their being minutely acquainted with. Hence the wild, imperfect and falſe

accounts of one country produced by the writers of another; and hence it comes to paſs that we are ſo often diſguſted with a coarſe daubing of ſome miſhapen figure, when a portrait, or at leaſt a charicatura by the hand of a maſter, would have afforded the moſt exquiſite delight. I remember in a modern, nay Engliſh book, a ſtrange figure carried to Paris to be ſhewn as a true Engliſh, country, ſporting 'ſquire, and he was among other things dreſſed in a *leathern-cap*; need I aſk how imperfect the whole picture muſt be after the painter had ſhewn his ignorance by ſo groſs an impropriety?

WHY the d——l do they not bring Burrhus's *Salisbury* up? O, I ſee it is coming round—Whoo-ey, it ſtops at the door. You think Burrhus wants to get into it; you are miſtaken: come, John, reſign to your maſter, get upon thy fifth horſe—and wag on.—But hold; Burrhus chooſes to ſtep round firſt and handle the bits *a few*, juſt fling his eye round and ſee how the tackle ſtands; he won't keep you long; if any thing is amiſs he'll ſee it with half an

eye; nay he would have harneſſed himſelf, but that he was tying a knot or two in his laſh; you ſee there is only a ſmall matter of alteration in the bearing reins, and all is right. Come, Hippias, if we are to ride with him, order your horſe out—but let us ſee Burrhus get out of the yard before us.—It's an aukward ſort of a turning for four horſes.——Pooh, that's the beauty of it: What think you of turning out of the Angel-yard with one of the leaders falſe, and the other galled in the ſhoulders? Burrhus wiſhes that was the caſe now.—Come, Will, give your maſter his great coat, there,—pull down one of the under capes—and now, Burrhus, thou happy mortal! thy reign begins. Burrhus with the profoundeſt conſideration, takes the two neat black reins, artificially one under the other, and his heart in ſecret throbs with delight, at the endearing touch: he gives them a ſudden and beautiful turn downwards, and then quietly mounts the various ſteps of *his* "ambition's ladder," but he does not, like the vile ſtateſman, "ſcorn the baſe degrees by "which he did aſcend, when he has gained "the topmoſt round," the coach box; but

but he ſtill loves every wheel, every ſpoke, every iron that connects and preſerves his little world. Gey heau—gey heau—ſee how he goes! what grace! what attitudes! his body's as ſupple as a poſture-maſter's, or a man's that has been broken on the wheel; his head goes noddle noddle, like a Chineſe figure; and ſee! now his right hand moves like the arms of a windmill, fairly round and round.——Ay, now he changes upon you, now it's backward and forward, ſtill from the ſhoulder you ſee.——There, he has juſt fired the four nags—you thought they were not *ſharp*. They are all *ſcrambling* you ſee. Burrhus can make any thing *ſharp*—It's quite a fine ſight, don't you think ſo?——There, now they're all up—ſa'atly, ſa'atly——ſee how they champ on their bits!——Pooh! but you don't enjoy this——you have no taſte——I'll be hang'd if you ſee half Burrhus's excellencies; what, you don't ſee that all his clothes are under him, nor—but it would be endleſs and uſeleſs to ſhew you theſe beauties,—you ſay, Burrhus is mad—be it ſo: but do you forget that "there is a pleaſure in being "mad, which none but madmen know."

Do

Do ſome wiſe men know that even prejudices and follies *may* reſult from ſenſibility! and that the reaſon why they are not prejudiced and fooliſh *may* have been that they were inſenſible.

When I am told that Alexander ſeemed really to doubt whether he had not ſomething divine in his compoſition, I am far from being ſo much ſurprized at it as I ſee other people: I can eaſily conceive that human nature might without groſs abſurdity be put out of its common courſe of reaſoning by ſuch a ſeries of ſtrange events as happened to that extraordinary man. If they ſtrike us as almoſt ſupernatural, what effect is it natural to ſuppoſe they would have upon him to whom they happened! he was continually effecting what human powers were thought unable to effect; his whole life was paſſed as it were on fairy land, where every thing was rather produced by enchantment than nature, he lived in an age when the exiſtence of demi gods, a progeny of mortals mixing with immortals, was readily admitted; and he was ſurrounded by flatterers who were continually

improving every miraculous incident of his life to perſuade him that he was of this celeſtial race, and that not Philip but Jupiter was his father. If all this be conſidered, perhaps it will be allowed that it was more probable, I had almoſt ſaid more rational, for Alexander to think himſelf a divinity than a man.

FORTUNE, luck: ſilly terms ſay you, invented by ſhort-ſighted men who cannot ſee the cauſes of things, and who have no idea of connection and conſequence. But the reality of what we impute to luck none can deny, and the cauſe of it perhaps none can diſcover. What is the cauſe of runs at play? what makes one man win almoſt every ſtake for an hour together, and another man at the ſame publick table, and the ſame game, depending wholly upon chance, loſe almoſt every ſtake for an hour together? what can continue this difference for a month, nay for a year? the fact is too well known to be controverted, and whatever is the cauſe of this, may be the cauſe of a like run in the more important occurrences of life where the odds in point of chance

chance are againſt it. That there is ſuch a run I think almoſt equally evident, for who has not ſeen ſome inſtances where every prudential meaſure has been fruſtrated and over-rul'd as it were by an unſurmountable fatality, and a ſeries of the moſt ill concerted and ill conducted projects crowned with ſucceſs? ſuch, "*a tide* there is in the affairs of men;" and when I am told that Cæſar deſpiſed the ſtorms that filled the mariners with terror, I do not wonder at his preſumption when I conſider his life, but ſay with him to the mariners, "you carry Cæſar and his fortune."

A THOROUGH good Newmarket groom would have been a good miniſter of ſtate if he had been train'd for it.

I HAVE heard ſome of the firſt judges of whiſt ſay, that it was not thoſe who play'd beſt by the true laws of the game that would win moſt, but thoſe who play'd beſt to the falſe play of others, and I am ſure it is true of the great game of the world.

EXERCISE is *ſtill more* requiſite to the health of the mind than of the body.

THE

THE claret-drinker hates the taſte of port, the port-drinker prefers it to claret, and every foreigner ſays of one and the other *C'eſt un beuvrage epais et deteſtable.* What! does habit, then extend its dominion over, and give laws to the very ſenſes!

How comes it that ſo many of the moſt ſenſible men in the world decide ſo differently on the ſame and often on the moſt important points? Becauſe there are ſo few third perſons.

IT *has* happened that a woman who has made herſelf cheap, has been aſtoniſh'd to find herſelf little valued by another.

MANY men ſtudy and practiſe the œconomy of their money, hardly any that of their pleaſure, without which money is uſeleſs.

THE mind will not only be diſſatisfied at not enjoying what ſhe ſees and longs for, ſhe will often be ſo at having miſs'd even what is paſs'd, and what if ſhe had enjoyed would now be no more.

NO two things can be ſo contradictory, ſo much at varience as truth and falſhood, and yet none are ſo mixed and united.

THE

THE great reaſon why falſe Virtues paſs ſo well in the world is, that true ones are ſo ſeldom near to compare them with.

SOME men have juſt ſenſe enough to prove their want of it.

FRIENDSHIP never aſcends to love, love often deſcends to friendſhip.

A FOOL is not always without wit; and it is when he ſhews wit, that he is inſupportable: his wit is like an edged tool put into the hands of a child; without it he might be as harmleſs; and poſſibly as entertaining.

FEW difficulties, as well as few women, hold out againſt *real* attacks.

COURAGE to think, is infinitely more rare than courage to act, and yet the danger in the firſt caſe is generally *imaginary*, in the laſt *real*.

THE medium between too ſcrupulouſly returning, and too eaſily accepting obligations, is the fineſt and moſt difficult medium I know in the world.

GREAT attention, among intimates and relations, is generally leſs a mark of the force

force of their attachment, than of the maſking the decline of it.

It is unluky that the *very* reaſon which makes Eugenio think his ſtories entertaining, ſhould make me think them troubleſome; their being about himſelf.

If it is true that from the ſame principle that you are delighted with generoſity, nature and truth, you are ſhocked by meanneſs, pretenſion, and affectation, what will be your fate, if you are generous, natural, and true?

It is a known rule, that if you are to reckon for the expence of any undertaking, you ſhould by way of precaution throw more money into the account than you can find articles for. How excellently do men follow this rule in the portion of ſelf-regard they are to beſtow upon themſelves in their dealings with others!

One great diſadvantage to the cauſe of truth is its being ſo often in the hands of Liars.

There are men who are ſo knowing and ingenious, who ſee ſo far into things, and

and diſcern effects ſo remote from their cauſes, that no diſputant can ſtand againſt them: yet while theſe men triumph in the power which ariſes from their acquaintance with theſe diſtant objects of the underſtanding, they have perhaps quite overlooked thoſe that lie near them. There perhaps they are defenceleſs, and may eaſily be conquered; as a battery of cannon is often diſpoſed ſo as to defend a fort from the moſt powerful veſſels, while ſmall boats may come ſecurely under their direction, and in ſpight of theſe mighty cannon take the place.

We often fly to the defence of certain faults when they are attacked, which, though we really are guilty of them, we never had acknowledged even to ourſelves: as dogs eat ſimples when they are ſick, without being conſcious that they act from a principle of ſelf-preſervation.

I hardly know ſo true a mark of a little mind, as the ſervile imitation of others; or alas! ſo common a thing.

Though I lament the preſent depravity of Britiſh taſte, that prefers the Chineſe to the

the Grecian and Roman architecture; yet I have objections to many parts even of theſe, though very great examples are againſt me; I mean thoſe repreſentations of monſters and incongruous figures; of human faces ſtuck to beaſts bodies; of mouths for ſpouts of water; of one creature's leg joined to another's thigh: all this, whatever may be the authority, is in my opinion, FALSE-TASTE: I think every part of architecture ſhould be judged by *one* rule, and that the *whole* ſhould be noble, ſimple, and natural.

SENSE and good taſte often *ſuffer* from the defects which folly and bad taſte *enjoy*.

POSSESSION without right, is in moſt caſes of property, a much better title than right without poſſeſſion; is it not ſo alſo in moſt caſes of conſideration, reſpect, and admiration of the world?

IT does not ſeem an eaſy queſtion to reſolve, whether men like beſt to prime over others, or to have others prime over them.

SOME

Some prejudices are to the mind, what the atmoſphere is to the body; we cannot feel without the one, nor breathe without the other.

Every man will allow that a ſtander-by ſees better than a player; no man will prefer the opinion of another, about himſelf, to his own.

Some men have a reaſonable underſtanding, and a ridiculous character.

Fabricius is of a very uncommon caſt, I hardly know ſo ſtrong an inſtance of the contrariety between the underſtanding and character as in him; he is perhaps, the moſt ſenſible, the moſt droll, and the moſt fooliſh man you ever met with. Hark! what a roar of laughter! Oh! it is a ring Fabricius has got round him; he is certainly entertaining his company with, the moſt facetious, and the moſt abſurd ſtories you can conceive. Shall we get up upon the table to ſee over the heads of thoſe that ſurround him what he is doing? —ſee how he geſticulates! how he mimics the drawling affectation of the lady he is talking about! what, ſure he is

not

not dancing! yes, that decent brown coat, waiſtcoat, breeches, ſtockings, and ſquare toed ſhoes; that decent figure, that long black bob, is dancing like an antic! and now again he is recounting. Were it poſſible for you to get through the crowd and liſten to him, you would find that Fabricius is maſter of the keenneſt diſcernment, the moſt judicious diſcrimination you can conceive; he will extract, nay take care he don't from you, he will extract every grain of ridicule out of a character, as a loadſtone the particles of ſteel from thoſe of ſand that are mixed with them: he will hold them up to the light, and expoſe theſe abſurdities, even though with them he expoſes his own: nothing eſcapes him, nay in theſe comic deſcriptions he will often mix the moſt ingenious obſervations, and the juſteſt reaſonings, and you are for a moment ſuſpended between the admiration of his Wit and his underſtanding; but as ſoon as the torrent of his humour breaks in upon you, every ſerious conſideration is hurried away before it, and you think of nothing, you deſire nothing but thoſe extatic breaks of laughter which he

extorts

extorts from you: aſk not for any relation of what he ſays, he alone can give it you; he is a living farce, a puppet ſhew, and we all ſupply the ſcenes, the incidents, and the fable of it. Thus he uſes the characters of others; what is his own? humorous you ſee, and, if the character of another, would be the beſt ſubject of humour to him. Fabricius poſſeſſes four thouſand pounds per annum, but were you to judge of his rank in the world, either by his own appearance, or by that of the people he is connected with, you would perhaps ſuppoſe he had as many hundreds out of which he ſaved about half. He keeps no houſe, no equipage, no ſervants, no company; you would take him for a mechanick: no dignity in his appearance, no carriage, no addreſs; yet he is perfectly free, and will converſe with you, I mean *to* you as long as you will hear him. What are the ſubjects of his diſcourſe? men, ——and women:—if you would ſee the comic ſide of the world he is your man: he carries conſtantly in his mind a kind of human raree-ſhow, which he will exhibit gratis, without loſs of time, to any perſon

who cares, or does not care, to ſee it; and this from morrow to morrow as long as opportunity ſerves. Then you may depend upon the exiſtence of the originals he gives you ſuch *original copies* of. They are all his own, or your intimates and friends; if you have not diſcovered their latent characteriſtics he will ſhew them. *My* friends and intimates! will he ridicule *my* friends and intimates to *me?* is that conſiſtent with propriety and decorum? nay, I only ſaid it was droll; and the oddity and impropriety of it certainly makes it droll in a higher degree. Not a little Miſs but ſtares with aſtoniſhment at the choice of his ſubjects, and if *he* paints *them they* paint *him*, as well as they can. Fabricius is a man of taſte too, and a man of letters; the polite arts, and the unpolite profeſſors of them are his by particular connection, but his excellence is in the *out of the way* arts; he chiefly delights in the uſeleſs and neglected ſtudies; he will ſet his mind on ſomething that you and I and others, would chuſe to forget, and make a voyage to Aleppo to get to the bottom of it. When he is ſerious he will talk to you and

and reaſon on theſe ſubjects extreamly well, and you will at leaſt allow, that if he is in an error it is fed not by wild fancy but by reaſon and ſenſe: Fabricius almoſt tempts one ſometimes to think that ſenſe had loſt her way, and was fallen into the hands of a fool. He has great talents in horſemanſhip too, and nothing can be more comic than his exerciſing thoſe talents; his ideas are ſo much elevated above the brute creation that he does not know one horſe from another, and he is very apt.——But what end of deſcribing Fabricius! what pity is it, oh Fabricius! that no power of nature, or necromancy could at once transform thee into another, and leave thee thyſelf! what an account wouldſt thou give of thyſelf!

It is the underſtanding that talks, and the character that acts; nay, that perſuades.

Men lay down poſitions that are indiſputable, and not only their antagoniſts deviate from them, but they themſelves, whenever it ſerves their purpoſe.

THE thing which of all others in the world we have moſt warning of is what we are moſt deceived in, *falſe* reports.

THEY who liſten to themſelves, are not liſtened to by others.

DESPAIR is the ſhocking eaſe to the mind, that mortification is to the fleſh.

A LITTLE reſtraint will often put the man of ſenſe and the fool upon the ſame footing.

IT is in general much leſs neceſſary for you to fix well, than to fix.

IT is by ſome actions in life as by ſome little tricks of dexterity which are played in company among friends; they are ſhewn us, and we plainly ſee how ſimple and eaſy they are, yet when we try, we find ourſelves unable to put them in practice.

THERE ſometimes wants only a ſtroke of fortune to diſcover numberleſs latent good or bad qualities which would otherwiſe have been eternally concealed; as words written with a certain liquor appear only when applied to the fire.

SENSE ſhould prompt us to talk, but we ſhould not prompt ſenſe; or, to be more explicit, you ſhould never be clever but when you cannot help it.

IF you are to judge of a watch which you find does not *go well*, you will certainly examine whether the movement is hinder'd by any accidental obſtruction before you condemn it as a bad piece of work; and ſhould not the ſame rule be obſerved where it ſeems to be often neglected? I mean in our judgments of men.

LOVERS generally find the moſt noble and amiable qualities in their miſtreſſes, and will tell you that thoſe qualities are the occaſion of their paſſion, but in reality the paſſion is generally the occaſion of thoſe qualities.

ONE great ſatisfaction muſt be wanting to thoſe who have been bleſſed with uninterrupted happineſs, the conſciouſneſs of that happineſs ariſing from a reflexion upon it.

THINGS do not always ſtrike in proportion as they are obvious; on the contrary,

ſome do not ſtrike at all *becauſe* they are obvious in the higheſt degree; has truth then its effect upon the mind, leſs as truth than as novelty?

THE *improper behaviour* to ſome men, is the being civil to them, and what they will *return accordingly*.

I HAVE heard it vulgarly ſaid, that if a thing was good we ſhould receive it tho' it came from the devil; this puts me in mind of the various motives for contentment among men.

WHEN we are very young, we admire and envy the perſon of one man, the riches of another, the parts of another, the houſe, the gardens, the horſes, of another, the bodily accompliſhments, the what not, the beauties and advantages which reſult from art, or nature, or fortune, wherever we find them; and we fail not to ſuppoſe that the poſſeſſor of them enjoys the happineſs that we imagine they would give to us: how pleaſing is ſuch a man in his perſon or accompliſhments, and what advantages muſt he have over ſuch another, who

is ſo much his inferior in every thing! but we then little conſider what it is that the enjoyment of theſe advantages muſt ariſe from; we do not reflect how much of it depends upon others, upon their ſentiments, opinion, and behaviour; nor how much depends upon the mind and diſpoſition of the poſſeſſor, himſelf. When we are grown older, and various diſappointments of what we have thought our moſt reaſonable expectations have made us wiſer, we admire, or we may do ſo at leaſt, the curious diſpenſation of the benefits of this world, which ſo often makes up a real deficiency by an imaginary advantage. A man is neither pleaſing in his perſon or character, he fancies himſelf ſo in both, and the illuſions of his vanity produce real happineſs, for they do not ſuffer him to ſee that the opinion of the world is different from his own. Another, who has neither taſte nor diſcernment, admires a woman with falſe beauty and an affected underſtanding, he admires her offspring who are equally deficient, and he admires himſelf in both, with ſuch a confident fondneſs, that it would be impoſſible for truth herſelf to

ſhew him his miſtake. If the world ſwarms with imperfections, it ſwarms alſo with minds that can enjoy them; and to ſuch minds ſuperior diſcernment will be no more miſſed or deſired than ſight by a man born blind: but as it muſt be granted that thoſe who ſee, have a natural capacity for happineſs which the blind have not; ſo it is true that when natural advantages are poſſeſſed with a ſuitable temper and diſpoſition, and in ſuch circumſtances as give them a proper effect upon others, they not only produce a proportionate ſenſation of happineſs to the poſſeſſor, but alſo eclipſe thoſe that derive their happineſs from mere imaginary perfection, who will themſelves, by a neceſſary impulſe, feel their own inferiority. But alas! when do theſe various requiſites for happineſs meet? the philoſopher may draw ſpecious concluſions, and indulge the moſt delicious hopes with reſpect to futurity, but *little* muſt he expect to find their concurrence here; *never* muſt he conclude that in this world ſuperiority is happineſs.

You

You are a maried man, I think, Mr. a, a, a, what d'ye call'um? O yes, Sir, this is my fourth wife. Good God, have you had four wives! why you are but a young man. True, Sir, but I love the ſtate; I was married, Sir, before I was twenty, and one wife has died one way, and another another, and in ſhort, if this wife was to die, poor woman! I ſhould certainly take another: O yes, I love the ſtate extreamly; no happineſs in my opinion but in the married ſtate. It is the *State* then, Mr. what d'ye call it, the *State* ITSELF that pleaſes you? you don't love your wife? not love my wife! God forbid! not love my wife! bleſs me, can any body charge me with following other women? not love my own wife!—— but I thought you ſaid you would immediately marry again if ſhe was to die? well, Sir—and is there any ſin in that? you would not, I ſuppoſe, have me live with her after ſhe was dead! No certainly, but yet methinks the forgetting one's wife ſo ſoon and taking another is but an odd conſequence of having loved her extremely. Why is it not enough then, Sir, to love a woman as long as ſhe lives?—I lov'd all my wives, for my part,

part, poor women, as long as they lived, and ſo I ſhould twenty more if I was to have them; I think it one's duty, for my part, to love one's wife, and though I did not love e'er a one of them before I married them, I loved them all as ſoon as they became my wives: I know my duty, Sir—I love a ſober regular life, for my part, and a wife is a wife I think; and a very good thing it is: I know for my part, I will never be without one; and, pleaſe God, I hope I ſhall always make a good huſband.———Well, theſe are charming principles! now I confeſs myſelf ſo unworthy, that if any thing could have deſtroyed the affection I have for my wife it would have been her becoming ſo. I loved her extremely before I married her, and my delicacy was rather wounded at even that imaginary conſtraint which marriage might be ſuppoſed to put upon her mind by *making it a duty* to love me: liberty, free, ſpontaneous and mutual tenderneſs are very endearing, and afford an elevated and delicate ſenſation which is almoſt incompatible even with an ideal conſtraint. I beg pardon, Sir, I believe

I did not hear you very well, I did not rightly underſtand you; but in truth I got a ſad ear-ach and cold at our laſt aſſizes, and I have never been rightly *ſenſible* ſince: I am grown quite *dull of hearing*; I crave pardon, Sir.—Why no, Mr. a, a, a, I don't know,—I did not ſpeak very plainly,—I don't know why I muttered ſo, not I,—I talked to myſelf, I think,—good night, good Sir———pray my compliments to your ſpouſe.

RICHES beget riches, poverty poverty; melancholy reflection!

"A BIRD in the hand is worth two "in the buſh," is a proverb that may have a very good moral. But I believe that if we could inculcate a quite contrary doctrine it would be of much more general utility: it is methinks what is *not in hand* that ſeems to require our principal attention. The ſacrifice of the preſent to the future, if a fault, ſeems too rare to require a particular caution, and to be like ſome unnatural crimes, in no danger of becoming epidemical.

When I reflect upon the greatneſs of Cæſar's ſoul which could prompt him to contract a debt ſuperior to his whole fortune many times told, from a view of advantage, which, however great in the eye of his ambition, was yet diſtant and precarious: when I reflect upon his amazing neglect of a preſent advantage in favour of a much greater that was diſtant, by giving his vote and intereſt for Pompey againſt himſelf, I am overwhelmed with aſtoniſhment and veneration. When I reflect on the numbers I know, who in numberleſs inſtances think and act from motives ariſing from the preſent moment, from mere cuſtom, prejudice, or pride, not only in evident oppoſition to reaſon and conviction, but even to intereſt; when I reflect upon theſe inſtances of abſurdity and narrowneſs of ſoul, I am not leſs aſtoniſhed, but my aſtoniſhment is mingled with indignation and contempt, and I not only join with hiſtorians in acknowledging ſuch a ſoul as Cæſar's moſt uncommon, but add alſo, that the ſouls of theſe others are very common.

MEN much more frequently think and act from motives arising from present circumstances than from future; though the former are not sufficient to justify their conduct and the latter are.

POLITENESS is said to be the science of civility, yet persons are perhaps more frequently unpolite from too much civility than from too little.

LATITUDE of thought and vice as contractedness and virtue, are, it must be confessed, placed extreamly near to each other, yet eternally separated.

TWO men are equally free from the rage of ambition; are they therefore equal in merit? perhaps not, one may be above ambition, the other below it.

THERE is methinks a certain reflective cast and impartiality in Fontenelle's writings which are found in few others: there is an observation in his plurality of worlds which lies out of the road of a common mind, and I think however whimsical, it is particularly pleasing. "Such are the "motions of the earth and the moon, says Fon-

Fontinelle, " that only one ſide of the " moon can ever be turned towards the " earth: to that ſide the earth is a moon " forty times bigger than the moon is to the " earth, but the other ſide has no moon " at all; may we not then ſuppoſe that " curioſity is continually bringing travellers " from the unenlightened to the enlightened " hemiſphere of that planet merely to ſee " in a foreign country our enormous lu- " minary which they could never ſee in " their own?" this reflection not only pleaſed me but ſuggeſted another; are there not intellectual lights, peculiar to the regions of different minds, which can never be ſeen without travelling from one to the other? and may I not carry the compariſon ſtill farther, and ſay, that theſe lights alſo are reflected, and that all our knowledge is to truth what the moon is to the ſun, a faint reflection of broken rays that but juſt enlightens us and ſcarce warms us at all?

How ſtrangely forcible is the power of nature! it often happens that the thing we *try* to do is for that very reaſon undone; thoſe we ſtrive moſt to pleaſe are perhaps thoſe we

make

make ourſelves leaſt agreeable to; we *try* to be gay, and we are ſtupid; to get the better of drowſineſs and fatigue, and we ſink the more under them; in ſhort, it appears to me that there are many things the ſucceſs of which might be beſt enſured by *trying* to do *the direct contrary*.

THOUGH men hardly ever *think* themſelves wrong in the offence, yet they almoſt always *feel* themſelves ſo in the juſt reproof.

AVARICE is both knave and fool.

IT makes the philoſopher ſmile to reflect that the violent incentives of ambition ſhould ſo often ſerve only to put men upon ſtudying, watching, working, toiling, well or ill, for the ſervice of thoſe very perſons whom they look down upon as ſcarcely of the ſame ſpecies with themſelves. How mortifying could they once be ſenſible of it!

IT is from the ſame principle that men are very ſweet and very ſour; conſequently we often ſee the two extreams in the ſame perſon.

THE

THE world is an excellent judge *in general*, but a very bad one *in particular*.

SOME inconſiderable though deſirable effects, cannot be produced by common underſtandings, ſome conſiderable effects may; yet men are always praiſed and honoured in proportion to the *effect*, and not in proportion to the *known difficulty* of producing it.

PROFUSION is generally nearer allied to avarice than generoſity.

THE criterion of true beauty is that it increaſes on examination; of falſe, that it leſſens. There is ſomething therefore in true beauty that correſponds with right reaſon, and is not merely the creature of fancy.

As charity covers a multitude of ſins before God; ſo does politeneſs before men.

I HAVE heard politeneſs defined "an artificial good nature," may we not more truly ſay that good nature is a natural politeneſs? art will make but an imperfect work if the aſſiſtance of nature is wanting.

ACTIONS

ACTIONS which nature prompts, and reaſon approves, are more ſtriking than thoſe which reaſon prompts in ſpight of nature.

NATURE has ordain'd that ſome creatures ſhould prey upon others, and it is obſervable that the latter have a certain inſtinct by which they know their enemies and avoid them, yet there is one creature whoſe ſtrange inſtinct is to find out its enemy, and keep continually in its way: aſk Clodius what creature I mean.

AH Clodius, ſaid Julia, how can I believe all you tell me? don't I know how often you have ſaid the ſame thing to others? yes, dear Julia, ſaid the inſinuating, the falſe, the conquering Clodius, but conſider to whom. Can I put you upon the ſame level with Fulvia, Clara, and Corinna, and ſuch creatures! do more juſtice, lovely Julia, to yourſelf if not to me. Well, ſaid Julia, we will not enter into an argument on the ſubject; but, believe me, I know perfectly well how little you think, what you ſo emphatically ſay; beſides, you ſee it is my dinner-time, my

huſband is coming home, and I imagine it is your dinner-time too. Ah, cruel Julia, how faſt the hours fly in your preſence, and with what regret do I always leave you! ——Shall I not pay my reſpects to you to-morrow?——No indeed, I am engaged to-morrow——next day then? why next day, ſaid ſhe, as ſhe intently counted the ſticks of her fan, I am engaged too—but you may call——if you will——a moment.

I HAVE heard of ſome creature which when dreſs'd for food, has in its different parts the taſtes of many others. It puts me in mind of Sicinius, who is by fits a French *Agréable*, an Engliſh farmer, a keen ſportſman, and a book-worm; not to mention ſeveral other little turns of whim or fancy to which Sicinius ſometimes gives his mind. Nothing is more jaunty than young Sicinius; if you ſaw him at the opera or play-houſe and had never heard who he was, you would certainly aſk, for his appearance is ſtriking, his cloaths hang ſo eaſy about him, he is ſo minutely well-dreſs'd, I mean with that commanding

eaſe

eaſe as well as propriety, that the aſſemblage of the whole muſt ſtrike even thoſe eyes, by which particular parts would be undiſtinguiſhed.—He lolls, he talks, he holds his tongue, ſtill with a certain uncommon ſuperiority—he is the truth of an *Agréable*—you would ſcarce think whilſt you ſaw ſome faſhionable woman almoſt paying her court to Sicinius on the outſide of her ſide-box, that he intended going the next morning, perhaps that very night, to his old houſe in the country, to ſhut himſelf up there for many months; but ſtill leſs would you believe that he was juſt come from the baker's club, where he had talked his five minutes, and worn his great wig and great coat like a true and orthodox member of that celebrated and learned ſociety. Will you follow him to his old houſe in the country?--you will ſee him with his hair hanging about his ears, and not only with as bad a coat as any farmer in the country, but alſo with as bad an air: yes, he is a Proteus: ſo far from being *abſurd* about things that happen to lie out of his way, he conſtantly finds out the very *ſomething*, which diſtinguiſhes every claſs of men: he aſſumes the moſt contrary

characters, and is this moment the very reverſe of what he was the laſt.—Sicinius takes his oaken-ſtick, gets a ſtride a kind of *half-cart* mare, and kicks her to market to a neighbouring town; there he will look at, and cheapen ſome hay, or oats, and no one underſtands both more minutely; nor will he fail to wet the bargain with the ſeller. He has been known to drink very near his gallon of bad ale in an evening with a ſet of farmers in the midſt of tobacco-ſmoak, to which he fairly contributed his full ſhare of whiffs, nay, and to talk juſt as well, and as much as the beſt of them.——Were it not for ſcandalizing, I would mention too how much Sicinius would be found to have changed his taſte as to his ladies—but that—As to this ruſtic life, he may perhaps continue it ſometime, perhaps turn ſhort about and aſſume another, it is juſt as it happens; however you may be certain whatever are his avocations, he will always be,—*totus in illis*—he has been known to remain a whole year together in an odd character, and to have been quite deſpaired of by his acquaintance who were in another.—However, I think

they

they all recover him again firſt or laſt.—At preſent indeed Sicinius mixes two characters together, which you muſt allow to be extremely different—he is a pedant and a fox-hunter. He boards with a nobleman's keeper at his little hut, lives abſolutely by himſelf, and is up every other morning in December two hours before it is light to attend the fox-hounds, ſix, twelve, or fourteen miles from home, and he has no companion or attendant but a little pocket Horace. He divides his converſation between the hounds and his Horace. In the field Sicinius ſpeaks to no living creature except (I ſay) a hound, and to hounds no one ſpeaks ſo well—no man makes a *try* like him, or *gets* ſo well *into* hounds, nor does he ever quit the field while even a terrier remains in it—he has been known to ſtay many hours after ſtar-light with labourers and whippers-in and terriers at an earth.——No man is ſo keen, or ſo good a ſportſman as Sicinius; nor would any, who did not know it, ſuſpect that all the while he had his little Horace in his pocket; when he does not hunt, he converſes with him—or his horſe, and perhaps next year

we may ſee a tranſlation of Horace by Sicinius. One half of the year perhaps he is a ſober man and drinks little or no wine, the next, poſſibly he is as great a reveller as Marc Anthony, and few men become jollity better. If you ſhould get up at four o'clock in the morning to go a hunting, during Sicinius's revelling ſeaſon, you may, perhaps, meet him with his fine cloaths unbutton'd, and his fine lace ruffles as black as the ground, ſtaggering home down both ſides of the ſtreet. When Sicinius ſets about it, he is quite the *agrèeable debauché*. What he will enter upon next I can't ſay; but I expect to hear, one day or other, that he has taken orders, and is——an archbiſhop.

Weakness of mind is ſtill more diſguſting than vice.

Weak men often, from the very principle of their weakneſs, derive a certain ſuſceptibility, delicacy and taſte, which render them in thoſe particulars, much ſuperior to men of ſtronger and more conſiſtent minds who laugh at them.

Some men have the ſtrange faculty of commanding an inattention to what is well worth the hearing.

A PROUD man never ſhews his pride ſo much as when he is civil.

THINGS which men call the cauſes of their melancholy, are, I believe, often the effects of it.

ONE great reaſon why virtue is ſo *little* practiſed, is its being ſo *ill* underſtood.

MORTIFYING reflection! however difficult it may be for us to ſee our faults, it is ſtill more to correct them; conſolating reflection! ſeeing our faults is often more an attonement for them, than correcting them.

THE poets judged like philoſophers when they feigned love to be blind: how often do we ſee in a woman, what our judgment and taſte approve, and yet feel nothing towards her, how often what they both condemn, and yet feel a great deal!

THE facility of procuring many of our very beſt pleaſures grows with, nay alas! even from our indifference towards them.

THERE is an unfortunate diſpoſition in man to attend much more to the faults of

his companions which offend him, than to their perfections which pleaſe him.

We often miſtake the effect for the cauſe; it is for inſtance, generally much leſs the love that invades the heart, than it is the heart that invites the love.

Good humour will conquer ill-humour, but ill-humour will conquer it much better.

It is often better to have a great deal of harm happen to one than a little; a great deal may rouze you to remove, what a little will only accuſtom you to endure.

It requires recollection, even in a ſenſible man, to ſee that *things* are the ſame at the end and beginning of a period of ten or twenty years.

We ſhall be often deceived if we expect men to quit an opinion *as ſoon* as the cauſe which produced it is removed; as the turbulent ſea will by no means loſe its turbulence with the ſtorm that occaſioned it.

THE merrieſt people are not always thoſe whoſe hearts are moſt ſuſceptible of joy.

THE well-concerted project of a ſenſible man, *muſt* often depend for ſucceſs on the will of a fool.

WHEN I reflect upon the particular conſideration and attention which ſuperior honours or riches command, it puts me in mind of certain days, when clouds are flying about, and the ſun happens to ſhine out ſtrongly from between ſome of them on particular parcels of ground: thoſe ſpots of the proſpect will then be gilded and diſtinguiſhed to the eye in ſuch a manner, that all the others, however beautiful they may be in themſelves, will be quite overlooked and diſregarded.

EVERY man, I believe, has his weak place, and may be duped if it could be found out.

WHEN men are accuſed of an ill humour or diſpleaſure, which is ſo violent that it bears no proportion to the apparent cauſe of it, it is, I believe, very rare but that there are

are other foreign and hidden cauſes, unknown, perhaps, even to the perſon himſelf, which contribute to, and heighten that violence.

Of all diſtinctions, ſure none is ſo little attended to, as that between the neceſſary care to preſerve our own right, and the invaſion of the right of another: men are ſo apt to think their own right more than it is, and the right of others leſs, that he who is equally ſcrupulous and vigilant to preſerve both in their utmoſt extent, will probably be deſpiſed as a dupe, merely becauſe he ſcorns to dupe others: ſuch a chance has honeſty for reſpect among the major part of thoſe who are pleaſed to value themſelves for being notable and clever; for having a moſt ſagacious diſcernment, and knowing how to make the moſt of it.

What trouble and pain do people often take to make themſelves agreeable when every effort carries them farther from their point! and how much ſurprized would they be, could they be perſuaded that there was an infallible ſecret of ſucceeding in their deſires, which was to do—nothing.

MAY not taſte be compared to that exquiſite ſenſe of the bee, which inſtantly diſcovers and extracts the quinteſſence of every flower, and diſregards all the reſt.

What a day! the cold, the rain, the winds are paſt, and a glow of warmth, ſplendor, and beauty, is ſpread over the face of the earth! my mind expanded and rejoiced in its influence. I contemplated nature in all its glory, and I felt, that thus to contemplate nature was to be happy; my reaſon was urged to the moſt pleaſing conſequences, and that I might indulge it without interruption I returned again to my ſtudy: here my attention was drawn to a number of flies which I had left in my window ſcarce able to crawl, and which were now ſporting in the beams of the ſun, and exulting in the vigour and delight which the weather had inſpired. Good God, am *I* then a fly!

REMOVING prejudices is alas! too often removing the boundary of a delightful near proſpect, in order to let in a ſhocking extenſive one.

How

HOWEVER fond we are of ourſelves we are often, I believe, leſs averſe to the man who dupes us, than to the man we dupe.

SOME men ſeem to talk ſenſe, as muſicians play muſic, becauſe it is *their trade*. As to taſte or reflection—I had almoſt ſaid conſciouſneſs either in muſic or ſenſe, that is not part of the trade and they know nothing of it.

CHARITY is a virtue much talked of, but I think very little underſtood. Charity it is ſaid forbids me to think ſuch or ſuch ill of ſuch particular perſons. What! does charity prompt one thing and reaſon another? charity may regulate our behaviour, but can have no influence over our opinion.

IT would be a ridiculous trial, and yet, I believe, a very efficacious one, if it was poſſible, to compel every man to bet ten thouſand pounds if he had ſo much, on every opinion he himſelf ſhould tell you he was confirmed in: might not ſuch a favour make ſome ſtrange revolutions in the faith of men who themſelves little ſuſpect it?

I HAVE ſometimes ſaid to myſelf, why ſhould I hate people becauſe they are irrational, prejudiced, and ſelfiſh? it is not their faults, they were *made* ſo. And yet, if I am *made* to hate their being ſo, may not I alſo have my privilege?

RESPECT is better procured by exacting than ſolliciting it.

I HAVE often thought that the nature of women was inferior to that of men in general, but ſuperior in particular.

THE ſame diſpoſition which makes men inquiſitive and curious in ſmall things, makes them negligent and incurious in great ones.

IT is methinks worthy the curioſity of a nice deſerver of human nature to watch the courſe of a principle in the mind, and mark its various effects; now cheriſhing a virtue now a vice; now eſtabliſhing order, and now inclining to irregularity: to trace it like a ſtream from a ſource through all its windings, each of which thoſe who ſee but a part, diſtinguiſh by a different name, and ſuppoſe to be fed by a different ſpring.

I HARDLY remember to have known two people thought alike, but that both were diſpleaſed.

THERE are ſome perſons, who are ſharpers to one ſet of men, and dupes to another, as the little fiſh prey upon leſs, and the great fiſh prey upon them.

THE ſame objects appear pleaſing or diſpleaſing, as the circumſtances in which we ſee them are comfortable or uncomfortable.

UNBECOMING forwardneſs oftner proceeds from ignorance than impudence.

How happily is an imperfection ſometimes placed in the mind, how unhappily a perfection!

WHAT an argument in favour of ſocial connection is the common obſervation, that by communicating our grief we have leſs, and by communicating our pleaſure we have more.

SOME men hate human nature, becauſe it belongs to others; ſome love it becauſe it belongs to themſelves.

WHO can define prejudice?

A MAN ſhould not be conſcious of his own perfections, and yet, methinks, he ſhould be conſcious of them. I feel ſomething of a diſtinction here, which is ſo fine that it eſcapes every term of language.

A VERY great ſource of error is the common practice of judging what men will appear in a point of view in which we have not ſeen them, from what they appear in another, in which we have ſeen them.

GOOD and bad ſeem to be blended together through all nature, and ſometimes to be confounded with each other. In man there ſeem to be certain vices and virtues which generally go together; and when we ſee, as we continually do, that ſome faulty characters pleaſe, and ſome virtuous characters diſpleaſe, we ought to diſtinguiſh what *in particular* it is, that pleaſes or diſpleaſes in them, and if we do, we ſhall find, at leaſt I believe much oftner than we are aware of, that the virtuous character diſpleaſes only in the vicious part, and the vicious character pleaſes only in the virtuous part:

part. It muſt indeed be confeſſed, that ſome virtuous characters diſpleaſe us more upon the whole, than ſome vicious characters, but then it happens, that the vice mingled in the virtuous character is of the moſt odious kind, for we are more offended with parſimony degenerated into avarice, than with liberality puſhed on to profuſion; and it ſhould alſo be remembered, that there are ſome good and bad qualities, which partake very little, either of virtue or vice, and will yet almoſt obſcure the one, and atone for the other.

For the *firſt* time the difference may not be very great, perhaps, whether you are to impoſe upon a perſon who has a great deal of ſagacity, or one who has but little; but the difference the *ſecond* time will be immenſe.

The method of knowing whether your ſum total be right in arithmetic is to try it by the figures which compoſe it: the method of knowing whether your content in the world is juſt, is not by the cauſes that produce it, for the produce itſelf is a

proof

proof that the cauſes are what they ſhould be.

THE greateſt deceiver in the world is human reaſon.

As we ſhould adapt the ſtile of our writing to the capacity of the perſon it is addreſſed to, ſo ſhould we our manner of acting; for as perſons of inferior *underſtandings* will miſconceive, and perhaps ſuſpect ſome ſophiſtry from an elegance of expreſſion which they cannot *comprehend*, ſo perſons of inferior *ſentiments* will probably miſtake the intention, or even ſuſpect a fraud from a delicacy of acting which they want capacity to *feel*.

HARDLY a man, whatever his circumſtances and ſituation, but if you get his confidence, will tell you that he is not happy: It is however certain all men are not unhappy in the ſame degree, though by theſe accounts we might almoſt be tempted to think ſo. Is not this to be accounted for by ſuppoſing that all men meaſure the happineſs they poſſeſs by the happineſs they deſire, or think they deſerve?

We lament at every ill we have, we rejoice at none we have not.

How many times in your life have you met with the *moſt* unreaſonable and extraordinary man you *ever* met with?

We are about as much mortified to be duped by another, as we are little ſo to be duped by ourſelves.

The fool deceives himſelf by his own inconſiſtency; the man of ſenſe by that of others.

Corinna is very pretty, very gay, and very fantaſtical; Pharamond is one of her moſt paſſionate admirers, and he is ſo ſilly and ſo vain as to conſtrue common civility into the higheſt encouragement, and a little innocent coquetry into a tacit promiſe of the laſt favour. Fulvius is alſo a ſincere admirer of Corinna, and Fulvius is a man of gallantry, ſenſe, and diſcernment. Corinna however capriciouſly ſhe may have behaved to others, has ſhewn a peculiar partiality to Fulvius. Pharamond *thinks* himſelf encouraged, and Fulvius *is* ſo: The other day Pharamond paid a viſit to Corinna

rinna and behaved ſo impertinently and ſo impudently that Corinna was forced to turn him down ſtairs. Fulvius paid a viſit ſoon after, and preſuming upon the repeated teſtimonies of her favour, he urged his paſſion with great delicacy indeed, but with great ardour, and—he was turned down ſtairs.

If you meet young Toriſmond at the opera, and aſk him how he does, he will anſwer you, " his dam was got by White-" foot, his grand dam by Julius Cæſar, his " great grand dam by Chimney-ſweeper, " his great great grand dam by Silly Tom " out of the old Mouna barb mare."—Have you any running horſes to ſell?--or match?-you may do either with young Toriſmond, *quite upon an agreeable footing:* three or four hundred Pounds are with him but as ſo many farthings: Toriſmond has ſeldom fewer racers in his ſtring than thirteen or fourteen; moſt of them firſt form'd nags, and all Toriſmond's intimate friends. Toriſmond is none of your half-bred jockeys, he improves in *training*, and if he goes on improving till he is an old man, he will

certainly be a jockey *in an exceeding high form*. If you meet Toriſmond on the road —whether on horſeback or in his chariot, its all one—it will be full gallop; his outriders indeed may be trotting behind, for they ride coach-horſes, he drives running horſes—in order to have a race before his eyes wherever he goes. Oh! *they have all ſix won many and many a king's plate!* You aſk whither he is going in ſuch a hurry? what a queſtion! to ſee *his friends* to be ſure: and the next day, if you go the ſame road, you will perhaps ſee him coming the ſame pace back again after having ſeen them. You don't comprehend the pleaſure reſulting from looking at beaſts?—Well, if you are ſo dull I cannot help it: it will be in vain to recommend to you the contemplation of this beautiful ſtring; you will never comprehend the grace of their jolting walk, the charm of their ungain gallop, the delightful whiſk of a long, ragged, and ugly tail, much leſs the beauty of a horſe's ſtopping ſhort, bolting his tail ſtraight up, and—But it would require the pen of a Swift to deſcribe all the *deliciæ* of thoſe dear Houyhnhnms which that great man had the

pene-

penetration to ſee, and the taſte to enjoy. Toriſmond enjoys them all, and next to the horſes he enjoys their feeder: if you was to meet that ſame feeder and Toriſmond together, they would put you in mind of the two kings of Brentford—they always whiſper—no matter whether any one is near, or whether there is any ſecret, they are always cheek by joul—and whiſpering; nay, if there was a ſecret, and you were near, and were to liſten, you would get nothing by it; their language is that of a jockey, and you would find it about as intelligible as that of a horſe. Toriſmond is an adept you ſee, he is deep in the myſtery, he is indeed a jockey—You aſk why he does not rather think of being a politician and making a figure in publick life—indeed I do not know: whether it be that he has any *party prejudices*, or what it is indeed I do not know, but he does not think of it. Well then, ſay you, as he is young, ſome gallantries with the fine ladies might be a cleverer employment--bleſs me, but ſuppoſe he has no taſte for any of theſe things! I tell you Toriſmond is a jockey, a very jockey, and every time he wakes

out of his ſleep, he ſays—" Give me another horſe."

EVEN honeſt men miſtake oftener in their own favour than in other peoples.

WE are ſcarce ever ſo juſt either to ourſelves or others, as to attend even to the thing that pleaſes us when not accompanied and ſet off by ſomething elſe. Strabo takes a journey to ſee the fine ſituation of his friend's ſeat; he paſſes by twenty ſituations in his road which are incomparably more beautiful without even looking at them, and yet, when he arrives at that he is in raptures with it. Strabo thinks Flavia vaſtly handſome, and prefers her to Honoria; yet in fact, Flavia is much leſs handſome and agreeable, and he himſelf would think ſo if Flavia had not by ſome chance come into more faſhion. Beauties then, whether of art or nature, are it ſeems a kind of adjectives—they are not allowed to *ſtand by themſelves:* Strabo is fond of operas, he has very great pleaſure in hearing Amorevoli ſing, and even diſtinguiſhes and enjoys the peculiar excellence of his taſte and expreſſion, yet it happened the other day before

before Strabo got into his chariot to go to the opera that a friend of his, who was waiting with him for the hour, hummed an Italian air; Strabo appeared not even to hear it, and yet that friend, perhaps, was maſter of as much taſte and expreſſion as Amorevoli himſelf. Strabo too loves truth and ſentiment, and one night at ſupper a gentleman unknowingly made a remark which happened to contain exactly the ſenſe of an exellent maxim of La Rochfaucault, Strabo anſwered,—come, Sir, give me your toaſt.

THE teſt of ſome reflections is the immediate correſpondence and aſſent to them; the teſt of others, and perhaps of thoſe which are much the beſt is the immediate diſſent.

MEN ſometimes arraign follies or faults in others which they have not *ſenſe* or *virtue* enough to be guilty of themſelves, you may be diſtant from the point of right by *ſtopping ſhort* as well as *going beyond it.*

How happy is it for us that the admiration of others ſhould depend ſo much more on their ignorance than our perfection!

HOWEVER far ſome men may have gone in the ſcience of impartiality, I am perſuaded that there is not one of them but would be ſurprized if he could be ſhewn how much farther he might go.

THERE are ſome men in whom a deficiency of ſenſe or wit gives no pain; there are ſome men in whom an abundance of both gives no pleaſure.

BRILLUS has no great depth of underſtanding, but, though you have, it will be your fault if he don't pleaſe you. Brillus is in his perſon extreamly agreeable, in his behaviour proper, in his manners free, in his heart good-natured. There is a certain careleſſneſs about him, not eaſily defined, but peculiar, and extreamly becoming; and though his converſation has nothing very uncommon in it, yet it is never injudicious or diſpleaſing. His nature is gay, yet ſoft; and though he has often flights of fancy, yet he is never overbearing, for they are always natural and often endearing. He never copies any man, and for that reaſon is often copied. Brillus is a man of the world

world, he dreſſes well, but without ſtudy, and it rather ſeems as if he could not do otherwiſe than as if he deſired to do it: all aukwardneſs is repugnant to his nature, he was born polite, eaſy, and what the French ſo emphatically call *placé*. He is governed by a kind of natural inſtinctive propriety, and this principle is not only ſtrong but univerſal; he never ſpeaks improperly, for even his gaiety and a certain freedom in his diſcourſe, is ſo very much his own, ſits ſo well upon him, and is ſo naturally inoffenſive to others, that it is impoſſible not to be pleaſed with it: every thing Brillus does becomes him, and he proves how much the qualities of the heart are preferable and even aſſiſtant to thoſe of the underſtanding. If you want to talk of ſciences or books, you muſt not apply to Brillus, for he ſeldom or never reads: if you want to diſtinguiſh nicely, or reaſon profoundly, you muſt not apply to Brillus, for he gives up ſpeculation and theory for pleaſure and practice. But if you poſſeſs extenſive knowledge and deep penetration yourſelf; you will never be

be ſhocked with his pretenſions to what he does not underſtand, or dogmatical deciſions upon what he does, but will be at full liberty to exerciſe your good humour, your gaiety, your happineſs with Brillus.

Phocion is a gentleman and a man of letters; he has written ſeveral ingenious things which have done him credit in the world; his underſtanding then deſerves that credit, and you muſt approve it; yet, if your character is a pleaſing one, you will find Phocion inſupportable, becauſe his underſtanding deſerves that credit. Phocion is in his perſon by no means pleaſing, in his behaviour ſeldom proper, in his manners forward, in his diſpoſition impertinent: there is a certain ſtiffneſs about him which is extreamly ungraceful, and though his converſation is often very ingenious, yet it is always accompanied with ſo much conceit, that it never pleaſes even a good head if it belongs to a good heart. Phocion is rather a man of ingenuity than of taſte; if he writes you a letter, it will certainly be moſt exact in orthography and ſtile, and perhaps

perhaps full of ſenſe, but he has no conception, that there are faults in a negligent freedom, which have ten times more beauty than his forced accuracy can confer. His nature is falſly gay, that is, pert and pragmatical, and though he has often flights of fancy, in which there is real wit, yet there always appears ſo much deſire to ſhew it, ſo much of what the French ſo emphatically call *gauche*, that it entirely loſes its effect, nay poſſibly it diſpleaſes merely by the impropriety with which it is introduced. But if you was to tell Phocion that wit miſplaced becomes folly, how cheap would he hold you for your nonſenſical paradox! Phocion is a fine gentleman *manqué*. He has inſtead of the decent freedom, and *air du monde*, that forced forwardneſs which talents without taſte, flattered by talents without taſte, naturally acquire. He takes himſelf for an agreeable union of the ſcholar and the gentleman; for the *polite ſcholar*, and as ſuch he holds forth. Dreſs he does not much regard; however, he orders his tailor to make him a frock, he don't mind the colour, with a ſilver edging upon it, and a tight round ſleeve, which with a coal

coal black bob-wig makes an agreeable gentleman-like *Neglidgee*; if you aſk him why he don't powder his bob, he will, with a ſmile, aſk you the *uſe*, the *beauty*, the *naturalneſs* of powder; nay poſſibly prove to you the abſurdity of flinging white duſt into a beautiful natural black, and thus come as it were with a rule and pair of compaſſes to meaſure what is in itſelf unmeaſureable, thus reaſon upon what is not cognizable by reaſon; what, I had almoſt ſaid is ſuperior to reaſon; TASTE. He is right, that is, he is ſelf-perſuaded; but in fact his ideas are inelegant, he is *deplacé:* in a word, Phocion can write well and talk well, but he cannot pleaſe.

ADRASTUS is neither a poliſhed man of the world nor a ſcholar; nay, he has not the ſmalleſt pretenſions to the character of either, and yet he is often acceptable to both; he is not the leaſt acquainted with books, not even thoſe in his own language, and he is equally ignorant of the elegancies of life: his breeding does not extend an inch farther than civility; his dreſs is always after his own faſhion, nor is he leſs ſingular in his pleaſures and taſtes, and yet there are twenty

little things that Adraſtus underſtands better than any man, and not one but he will take pleaſure in doing for you; do you want to have a carriage made, a landau, or a poſt-chaiſe, he will order it for you, and it will be made juſt as you wiſh it; its *fort* ſhall be either convenience or *jemmyneſs*, or a proper mixture of both, juſt as your character requires it. He will himſelf ſee the ſtuff it is made of, and above all he will take care you ſhall not be cheated; he knows every particular of every one of the various trades the whole muſt paſs through. Would you buy two or three horſes for this poſt-chaiſe? He will even do that for you, and not a ſplint, or ſpavin, or bad eye, or old broken knee, or pinch't foot, or low heel eſcapes him. He will chuſe any ſort of horſe equally well, from the thorough Engliſh black up to the beſt bred bay. Adraſtus is the beſt humour'd fellow in the world, and, however diſtant from every thing that is French, is always acceptable to the moſt faſhionable people, unleſs they are very much pinched and preciſe indeed; nay, he likes the company of ladies that are good-humoured

and

and free, and will readily make one with them at a Vaux-hall party, and when there, will not fail to get them the beſt box, and the beſt things of all ſorts: he has but to give Mr. Tyers a wink and all is done: they have drunk many a bowl of punch together, and ſmoaked many a pipe. By the way, do you love punch? he'll get you ſuch rum as perhaps you never taſted.—You may ſend Adraſtus about at your Vaux-hall parties like a waiter if you will, he deſires no better ſport; nay, after ſupper when the chief of the company is gone, he will take a French-horn, and give him a good ſecond, he will delight you. If you love hunting he will clang you the *fan-fas* till the gardens ring again; you will like Alexander "fight "all your battles o'er again, and ſlay again the ſlain." However, don't miſtake me, Adraſtus never in his life hunted with a French-horn, he knows things better; he only practiſes it as a genteel amuſement: Oh! Adraſtus is an excellent ſportſman in every branch of it. But Adraſtus is indeed a moſt general man as far as modern things, mechanical things, and uſeful things, go.—Would you ſhew your hounds to a good

judge? get Adraſtus to your kennel; the beſt ſhaped ones will not eſcape him; and his hints may be worth liſtning to if you want to make any new croſſes: then if he attends you in the field, and you know and love *the truth*, you'll be delighted with Adraſtus; he never rides much, but yet is always firſt in at the death, you'd ſwear that either he had whiſpered the fox which way to go, or the fox him which way he intended to go. Adraſtus is indeed a moſt manly character; all exerciſes are familiar to him: few men beat him formerly at a hop, ſtep, and jump; he now flings a cricket-ball with moſt men, is a tolerable back-hand in a tennis-court; and very few men indeed excel him at a cudgel. Some people of rule inſtead of taſte might object to Adraſtus as having ſomething odd in his appearance, carriage, and dreſs, and not being gentleman-like. But if you are not of the number you will hold them very cheap; nay, it will be that very oddity that delights you and makes your connection with him more pleaſing, as different notes of muſic make more ſtriking concord than the ſame. No man makes a worſe bow than Adraſtus,

raſtus, or perhaps looks leſs like a gentleman; and that is his perfection. His converſation too, is like no other perſon's, and yet few other perſons pleaſe you as much as Adraſtus; you aſk me why?——aſk nature.

However inferior natures run down ſuperior ones, they never fail paying them the moſt ſincere, as the moſt involuntary homage whenever they meet without diſguiſe.

What is curioſity? a ſtrong deſire of knowing the object that excites it: how then do you reconcile that univerſal principle of curioſity with that univerſal reception of falſhood in mankind?

I hardly know ſo melancholy a reflection, as that parents are neceſſarily the ſole directors of the management of children, whether they have, or have not, judgment, penetration, or taſte, to perform the taſk.

Haoyk, haoyk, hawrk, hoalow! poor Furio was a little in his beer, and contrary to his cuſtom, he accoſted us, his left

fore

fore finger in his left ear, with this ſporting, this deafening vociferation: generally he is rather glum, and you ſee plainly, for it is plainly to be ſeen, that the fire and ſpirit of his character lies a little low: Furio profeſſes himſelf a lover of his own country, a very patriot; happy turn in a young gentleman poſſeſs'd of 3000*l.* per annum! thoſe are the men to do honour to it. D——n their bags and ſolitaires, ſays Furio, d——n their operas, their ſuppers, and their ſpeeches and ſtuff, there's no taſte, no honeſty in any of them; they have no ſoul, by g—d, they have no ſoul! what has a man of fortune and taſte to do with any thing but a pack of fox-hounds, well man'd and well hors'd, and *ſomething* in a *good qualification* upon which he can ſport two or three cool hundreds? D——me this is living, and like a gentleman, d—n all their French nonſenſe ſay I, by g——d there is not one of them knows a horſe from a gelding, or whether he is fourteen fifteen or ſixteen hands high; old England ſay I; thus Furio ran on, and had you heard the tone, the emphaſis, with which he utter'd it all, it muſt have impreſs'd it

very deeply on your mind as it did on mine: his carriage and dreſs were quite correſpondent to his diſcourſe; and I lamented that a figure which nature had done ſo much for, ſhould be thus diſgraced by falſe education and ill-directed ſpirit; he was light, admirably ſhaped, and made to be genteel; his dreſs was adapted to his character, extravagant and minutely exact to every rule of taſte and elegance, received by the beſt judges in the claſs of men to which he belong'd, from head to foot, from his ſcratch comb'd down to his eyes, to his walking ſhoe (not pump) with one leather for his heel, and no leather for his toe; he never admitted any, nor did any hints from the repeated knocks he got from intruding ſtones, (for the toes were ſo round and flat, he got many) induce him to alter the faſhion. In his carriage he had an agreeable ſlouch beyond deſcription, a determined merit-conſcious air, and ſtood with his long ſhoes almoſt ſtraight as well as flat on the ground, and his right hand thruſt into his boſom—the elbow a little rounded—within two buttons of the top of his waiſtcoat, (I mean the *upper*, for he

always wears four,) which was only button'd down to the laſt two buttons, for that alſo is the *bel-air*; his talk was generally laconick, yet ſturdy; but the chief expreſſion of eloquence lay in a peculiar ſtile of ſpitting, occaſion'd by the beſt pig-tail'd quid in the three kingdoms. Alas! poor human nature! how has all the ſpirit of thy compoſition been perverted! what an exuberance of fire, life, perhaps taſte and merit, had it been rightly directed! I fell into many reflections on human nature, on the force of education, on the negligence of parents and educators, and retir'd; nor thought I more of Furio, when I had once got him out of my head, till the next year a character I met with accidentally, recall'd him to my mind, by the oppoſition and contraſt of it. It was a young man of a pretty figure juſt landed from France, and to all appearance a French coxcomb, the very reverſe of Furio; he held forth on the intolerable ruſticity of the Engliſh, "they "don't know how to live, they can neither "walk, ſit, nor ſtand, ah! quelle diſgrace! "how *coiffeed!* how *chauſſeed!*" and indeed his ſhoes were in one reſpect the very re-

verſe of Furio's, for they were ſo very piqued that they could not fail pinching and ſqueezing his toes all together; he rav'd about clear ſauces, *Entrees*, *Entremets*, *Deſſerts*, what not; every third word was French, *Ecorché* indeed ſometimes, but the aim was always perfect; if an *a* came in his way he took care it ſhould be broader than the ſtrongeſt affectation in a Frenchman would have made it, *je'n ſuis bien* FAAWCHE; no truer Frenchman as far as heart and inclination could go; every common-place remark againſt his own country was run over, and none was ſo odious: ah, thinks I, were Furio here—his friend comes in and accoſts him, with my dear Will Furio! I ſtarted, ſtared, wondered, it was he, it was Furio.

PELEUS propoſes to himſelf the character of a fine gentleman, and what think you are in his opinion the requiſites neceſſary to form it? why, happily for Peleus, thoſe which he poſſeſſes and no other: Peleus has a *good leg*, a *very good leg*—the calf full, muſcular, not too high nor too low, going off handſomely without too ſudden

ſudden or too conſiderable a dimunition, and this is the principal; but think not that this is all: Accompaniments, ornaments, muſt attend on this leg in particular and in general on the whole perſon; he dreſſes himſelf like a fine gentleman, and this leg eſpecially employs many happy moments to adorn, and many more to think of. Can you recommend any ſuper-excellent hoſier? Peleus don't mind price; do you know where the beſt morning, afternoon, or boot-ſtockings, are to be bought? Peleus wants many ſorts, particularly ribbed ones—they ſhew the leg well. O! here he comes, —this is Peleus: did you ever ſee ſo neat a leg? the knee at top, delightful! the foot at bottom, divine! if I was a ſtocking-merchant I would give Peleus half my ſtock if he would let his leg ſit for my ſign: you ſay his ſtocking looks tight—tight is not the word, I ſay it looks like his ſkin; and ſee how the muſcles ſwell! how firm, how elaſtic! their influence aſcends even to his countenance; do you not ſee in his face how handſome his legs are? But has Peleus then, as a fine gentleman, nothing but legs to ſtand upon? nothing quite ſo perfect,

but yet many excellencies in which he ſurpaſſes moſt other fine gentlemen; in Peleus, there is a correſpondency throughout, mind and all. He often dreſſes after dinner to be compleat in one of the ſide-boxes at about ſeven; there he ſpends moſt of his evenings, and need he ſay any thing there? his *accomodage*, his cloaths, his ſtock exactly plaited and broad, and above all, tight to an almoſt choaking degree, will not they ſpeak for him? but his legs—— true, if you are not in the ſame box you will not ſee them, but you may perhaps be able to get into it and then you will, ſome how or other, I'll anſwer for it. Peleus is indeed a moſt finiſhed piece, no Flemiſh one more ſo; nor is his taſte ſo confined as you may imagine; he knows and frequents ſome of the beſt taverns, nor does he fail to aſſume a proper dignity, by ſwearing as loud at the waiters as any man. If he is with ladies he knows the French manner; he will pick his teeth one by one ſo careleſly, ſo delicately! or he will whiſtle ſo agreeably, he would charm you. His equipage too is made by Butler; and I hear he is actually about another pair of

long

long tails. You aſk if Peleus is polite, eaſy, gallant; if his carriage and converſation have that propriety which diſtinguiſhes true good breeding; if he knows all thoſe delicacies of behaviour which are known to ſo few; that politeneſs of heart, which like a kind of internal ſenſe, feels as it were all the peculiarities of different circumſtances of time, place, and company, ſtill accomodating itſelf to each with equal ſoftneſs and dignity; if he poſſeſſes above all that natural, that unaſſumed and unaſſuming ſuperiority which characterizes the fine gentleman of every country in the world; but to what end are all theſe queſtions? I tell you he has got a pair of long tails, and the ſign of the leg.

A SENSIBLE man will ſometimes, from a kind of habitual fondneſs, preſerve ſome old room in his houſe when he is new building it, and ſo deſtroy all the ſymetry and convenience of his edifice: in the ſame manner alſo will a ſenſible man ſometimes cleave to ſome old opinion in his diſquiſitions into nature and truth, and thus entirely deſtroy the connection and uniformity of his knowledge.

I KNOW no virtue the want of which may, with reſpect to almoſt all its advantages, be ſo well ſupplied by a vice as generoſity; vanity almoſt alone will ſometimes perform its functions.

ARE there not inſtances alas! wherein even the well diſpoſed mind that is unhurt at falſe thinking, will, from the ſame principle, be unhurt at falſe acting?

THERE are virtues which if they happen to be ever ſo little overcharged with alloy, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, or to uſe another figure, if they have that defect which in a picture might perhaps be only called a looſe but maſterly manner, can produce nothing to the poſſeſſor but endleſs inconveniency: thus it is ordained, that the poor inſect which flies to the light, ſhall fly to the fire alſo.

SOME men methinks reliſh things the more from not underſtanding them.

PEOPLE do not only enjoy content, and the charms of ſelf-approbation from *acting well*, but, different caſe! from *thinking* they act well.

ONE

ONE of the greateſt philoſophers I know in the world is Hermion: aſk him the news, what ſuch a great perſon is doing, who is going out of place, who is coming in, he knows nothing of the matter. *I never meddle with other people's buſineſs*, ſays Hermion, I endeavour to play my own part in the world, that's all I aim at. A very ſtoic about other people's buſineſs; as to his own indeed, ſtoiciſm gives way a little to the care of externals. The accumulation of money is his ſolace, his joy, his—*ne plus ultra*; indifferent to all other things, all his faculties are exerted on this, and with only reverſing one word in the ſentence he could cry out *virtute mea me involvo*. Hermion has found out the true meaning of the precept, "increaſe and multiply," and as faſt as his guineas roll in, he takes all due care they ſhall not roll out; and thus his life wears away in a complacent innocent tranquility; no reſtleſs ambition; no looſe pleaſures; no weak attachments; *he never meddles with other people's buſineſs*; and unleſs you could convince him that the ſtocks were broke, or his land ſunk by an earthquake, you would in vain at-

tempt to diſturb his philoſophy. Your Horaces may talk of their *juſtums* and *tenacems*, Hermion prefers the ſecret conſolating ſnugneſs of poſſeſſion; the interior ſatisfaction, the philoſophic eaſe reſulting from the conſciouſneſs of poſſeſſed gold; and let what will happen to the ſurrounding world, ſecure him but gold, of him too ſhall you exclaim; *impavidum ferient ruinæ!*

THOSE men who are commended by every body muſt be very extraordinary men, or, which is more probable, very inconſiderable men.

COURAGE often decides ſenſibly where reaſon will not, nay where ſhe cannot.

MANY men that have not ſenſe might have ſenſe if they would: to explain the paradox; how numerous are the obſtacles from pride and frowardneſs to reaſon! and what is reaſon but truth and ſenſe?

GREAT minds are ſeldom voluptuous, but great and agreeable minds are almoſt always ſo. How much more agreeable was Henry the fourth of France than his miniſter the Duke du Sully?

Is it then true that man is ſo unhappy a creature as ſo many wiſe men have told us he is? I believe indeed that the cauſes of happineſs are often error and forgetfulneſs, but of what moment is the nature of the cauſe if you enjoy the effect?

ARISTARCHUS is charming: how full of knowledge, of ſenſe, of ſentiment! you get him with difficulty to your ſupper, and after having delighted every body and himſelf for a few hours he is obliged to return home,——he is finiſhing his treatiſe which proves, that unhappineſs is the portion of man.

THOUGH love is more endearing than friendſhip yet lovers quarrel more than friends.

AT a concert of muſic he who has no part to play, but is at liberty to attend to, and contemplate all the others is beſt off. In the concert of the world it is juſt contrary.

FINIS *coronat opus*. No maxim ſo heartily and ſo generally ſubſcribed to, and none,

none, if I underſtand it right, ſo falſe: mine ſhould be juſt contrary, and I would ſay that it could be only from the merit of the deſign, from the virtue of the *beginning*, that the proſperous *end* of the work could be juſtly crowned and applauded. My maxim then ſhould rather be, *Opus coronat finem.*

MAN does not ſeem to have been deſigned by nature for a great deal of reflection, it will damp the ſpirit of his action: Man does ſeem deſigned for a certain degree of reflection, it will moderate the impetuoſity of it.

"TRUTH will prevail." It may be true; but ſome people, I believe, think her a very ſlow worker; and little will the ſatisfaction of her prevailing be to you, if you happen to be ruined in your reputation or fortune while ſhe is at work.

YOU prove your generoſity much leſs *at the time* you give than *after it*; nay rather it is after the gift only that you *prove* it at all, for certainly when Tibullus told Crato, he ought to remember that horſe he gave him,

him, he at the ſame time told him that it was not from generoſity that he gave him the horſe.

It is the great men, the wiſe men, the good men if you will, who corrupt mankind: for one that has been inſtructed by their ſenſe, millions have been ſeduced by their prejudice.

There are things ſo very natural and common, that every one ſees them: there are things ſo very natural and common, that no one ſees them.

You deny that man is really ſo prejudiced as I ſuppoſe him, talk to him then of ſome foreign country, aſk him what religion he is of.

Might not moſt men be as well named boys grown old?

What ideas are attached to theſe venerable old trees, that reverend ivy-growing wall! what inexpreſſible delight I feel when I inhabit thoſe manſions of my youth!—— The old turrets are deſtroyed; the trees ſubmitted to the ſtroke of the ax: Good God! is the delight then of my very ſoul, the

the enjoyment of a rational being, connected with thoſe ſtones, thoſe ſticks!

THE neglecting to put yourſelf above thoſe that ought to be inferior to you, will often be as diſguſtful to thoſe very people, as the not putting yourſelf under thoſe who ought to be ſuperior to you, will be diſguſtful to them.

IF you get a title and 10,000*l.* per annum, you will outſhine every body, and every thing; but remember, Flavio, that the very jewels which decorate beauty, make deformity ridiculous.

WE are often ſurprized when *experience* demonſtrates what *reaſon* had before acknowledged to be true.

BLESS me, ſaid Bromio to Agener, at what a rate your ſet of horſes travel! why we are come ſeventy miles in eleven hours. Well, replied Agener, and why are you ſo ſurprized, did I not come to you laſt month this very diſtance in this very time? you may remember I ſhewed you my watch the moment I came in, and yet you are juſt as much ſurprized at this expedition, as if you had not believed the other. I know

know not, ſaid Bromio, but when one travels the very road one's ſelf, one feels the truth of it methinks more forcibly.

TASTE and *generoſity*, what words! do they not in their moſt extenſive meaning, comprehend almoſt every power of the human heart and underſtanding?

NO wonder we judge of the ſenſations of other men by our own, ſince we judge of our future ſenſations by our preſent, although we know that we have felt differently from what we do feel with reſpect to almoſt every object, and might therefore reaſonably infer that we ſhall do ſo.

IT is not from an acquieſcence in what you advance that you ſhould conclude there is a belief of it: while the *principle* of any error remains in the mind, like that of any humour in the body, you may by particular application, ſtop the progreſs of it at particular places; but then it will indubitably break out again at others, perhaps at the ſame.

MAN ſeems to be made neither to live alone nor with others.

You will, I believe, in general ingratiate yourſelf with others ſtill leſs by paying them *too much* court than *too little*.

It is perhaps true that women generally come into life with higher ideas of delicacy than men; but, I believe it true alſo, that they generally retire from life with lower.

Disagreeing in little things and agreeing in great ones, is what forms and keeps up a commerce of ſociety and friendſhip among reaſonable men, and among unreaſonable men breaks it.

On the depth of ſorrow will ſometimes float a ſuperficies of *undiſſembled* gaiety; but the ſun-ſhine of joy will never be obſcured by the ſlighteſt vapour of *real* grief. There is a falſe joy as there is a feigned voice, and not an unpleaſing one, and could I venture ſo looſe a compariſon as treble to pleaſure, and baſe to grief, I would ſay, that though there was a feigned voice in the treble, there was none in the baſe.

When a man ſhews his parts properly, he is applauded for it, his confidence was well placed: it is the confidence without knowledge that offends, yet poſſibly it was by

by mere good fortune that they went together, if you ever *once* find him confident and ignorant, be aſſured of it.

A VERY ſmall offence may be a juſt cauſe for great reſentment; it is often much leſs the particular inſtance which is obnoxious to us, than the proof it carries with it of the general tenour and diſpoſition of the mind from whence it ſprung.

THOUGH love and hatred are as oppoſite as fire and water, yet do they ſometimes ſubſiſt in the breaſt together towards the ſame perſon, nay by their very oppoſition and deſire to deſtroy each other, are they ſtrengthened and increaſed.

WHAT a ſtrange thing is a populace! now madly crying for this thing, then for t'other, and never knowing why for any: we who are not populace are ſtruck with indignation or contempt, or perhaps with pity, at this diſgraceful folly of the human ſpecies. But is it ſo certain that we who are not populace do not often do exactly the ſame thing, only that our cry is on higher ſubjects? as a piece of muſic is ſtill

the ſame though it be taken an octave or a key higher.

It is not enough that you can form nay and follow the moſt excellent rules for conducting yourſelf in the world, you muſt alſo know when to deviate from them, and where lies the exception.

The worſt office you could do to ſome men, would be to cure them of what is ridiculous about them. An edifice is bad that has a bad ſupport it is true, but what will it be if it has no ſupport at all?

It is a melancholy conſideration, that if either the mind or the body has any peculiar malady which cannot be eradicated, though it be ſometimes ſuſpended, that malady will be liable to be renewed by almoſt every other that may befal it.

The common contrivances of cunning, put me in mind of the preſervative inſtinct I have ſometimes obſerved in beaſts, which lays a plot that is extreamly artful and well-concealed in many parts, but at the ſame time left ſo open in ſome one, that it is perfectly eaſy for ſuperior intelligence to ſee and

and underſtand the whole complication of the contrivance.

When men, for whom we have a well-grounded contempt, at the ſame time contemn us, (no uncommon caſe!) it becomes humour and makes us laugh.

Our preſent evil is generally thought the worſt of our evils, and all our own evils worſe than other peoples.

It is infinitely leſs from *what*, then from *how* you conceive, that the ſuperiority of your nature will be demonſtrated.

There are men in whom you would ſpoil all by reducing them to what *you call* regularity, they are born and deſigned to be otherwiſe, and while vulgar eyes look upon them as they do on comets as unnatural and monſtrous; thoſe of ſuperior diſcernment only admire in both the uncommon yet wiſe direction of nature.

I admire the very thing perhaps in one writer which I diſregard in another, for when I know that my author thinks deeply, my mind is conſtantly exerted to comprehend every ſentiment in its whole extent,

with all its connections and conſequences; I then ſee that it is full, it is juſt, it is important, and I not only apprehend but feel what he tells me. But when I know that my author ſees only the ſuperfices of things, and ſatisfies himſelf with it, I look for nothing that does not float on the ſurface of his expreſſions; I read with the ſame inertneſs that I impute to the writer, and what I do not expect I do not find though by chance it may be there.

CLITANDER ſeems to have ſaid, or rather nature ſeems to have ſaid to him, "you ſhall not be old." He is now three or four and forty, yet he looks like a young fellow and acts like a *very* young fellow: nay, and what is ſtill more extraordinary, acting like a very young fellow becomes him. Moſt men of four and thirty are much too old for him, he keeps company only with very young fellows—like himſelf. In one word, not to diſguiſe his character by palliative terms, he is a *rake:* genteel, eaſy, ſoft, even modeſt with ladies, he is a reveller and a rake: late hours, free living, I confeſs, are his favourites; but—

I know not how, they ſcarce diſgrace him. Brave as Cæſar, he is yet as peaceable as Fribble; it is almoſt impoſſible to quarrel with him. He is always good humoured, and the chief, almoſt the only thing he requires of you is to ſit up with him. Every one blames Clitander aloud, and yet tacitly, and involuntarily abſolves him. Nature is too ſtrong for reaſon, and Clitander forces you (unleſs you are a very dull dog indeed) to ſmile even while you ſhake your head at his irregularities. Ay—there he is walking along on the other ſide of the way: you ſee his dreſs is the moſt careleſs in the world, and yet how elegantly genteel he is in it! as if he was elegantly genteel whether he would or no; what a pretty figure too!——its now two o'clock, and depend upon it, he is but juſt out of his bed,—or the round-houſe. Its a pity however he does not take to another ſort of life, that is certain; and who knows? when he is a middle aged man of a hundred perhaps he will. It is odd, yet this very life which you almoſt approve in Clitander, you deſpiſe in Valerius, who is near twenty years younger. What think you if Clitander was to cut off his hair, wear a tie-wig, and go

into the houſe of commons, would you be charmed with the decent dignity of his new character?——Clitander is a comet.

I HAVE often heard it ſaid, yet never believed it, ſuch a one writes ſenſible, or witty letters, but has neither wit or ſenſe. Does he who ſays this conſider how many things may have led him to miſtake in his account? Is he ſure that he has not thought a letter ſenſible or witty which was neither? or, if he has not made that miſtake, is he ſure that the converſation in which he did not remark wit or ſenſe was really without ſenſe or wit? or is he ſure that his own *real* deficiency may not have been the cauſe of an *apparent* one in his friend, by giving his abilities no opportunity to come into play? has he in ſhort conſidered that every effect muſt have its cauſe, and that nothing is more evidently true than that *ex nihilo nil fit?*

IT often happens that there is an infallible remedy for a diſorder of the body, but that ſome other diſorder makes the application of it impoſſible. Is not this equally the caſe with many diſorders of the mind?

THE

THE only way of acquiring the knowledge of truth is to diſcourage the firſt intruſion of every deceit; what knowledge then will men acquire by whom every one is encouraged?—but I miſtake, for every man will tell me he never encourages any.

THE mind has often a ſtrong appetite and a weak digeſtion as well as the body, ſo that ſcience degenerates into error, as food into morbid qualities.

WHATEVER natural right men may have to freedom and independency, it is manifeſt that ſome men have a *natural* aſcendency over others.

WHEN we are ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed that a character has ſome particular caſt or quality, the very reaſons which naturally tend to deſtroy that opinion will often ſerve to confirm it.

THERE is ſomething ſo ſatisfactory in the indulgence of natural paſſions that even grief ſeems to have a ſtrange kind of pleaſure, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, belonging to it.

THE language of Gelon is—"it is—you "muſt--I know," and no man knows *leſs* than Gelon: the language of Lælius is—"it ſeems

"—you may—I believe," and no man knows *more* than Labus.

NOTHING ſo different as envy and contempt, and yet nothing ſo common as to endeavour to perſuade others, nay nothing ſo common as really to perſuade ourſelves, that we deſpiſe thoſe whom we envy.

O TEMPORA! *O mores!* O! the profligacy the luxury, the venality of this age! cried the unvenal Miſanthes, who ſold out declamations on virtue, honour, and patriotiſm, for bread and cheeſe; and he wrote, and wrote, and wrote, till he had perſuaded himſelf that all the rants of his abuſive and injurious pen were precepts of equal authority with thoſe of the twelve tables; he dealt about him, he thundered like a little God of this nether world, and all in the cauſe of greatneſs of ſoul. Nay, I would not ſwear that there were not certain moments of enthuſiaſtic rapture, when he really miſtook the elevated ſituation of his garret, for a ſtation ſuperior to that of the vile nobility whom he ſo particularly honoured with his diſtinctions. Then there was a certain houſe, a certain rendezvous, near the palace which

even

even raiſed his humorous contempt. O! the wretches that haunt it are one and all infamous ſcoundrels thinks Miſanthes, and gives them a ſneer, a ſomething of a witty ſtroke of contempt. It happened that a certain very profligate frequenter of that certain houſe, a great man, had ſome buſineſs with Miſanthes, and appointed him to attend on the morrow at his *hotel*. At the very moment of appointment, he appeared at the noble's ſtudy door. And behold Miſanthes! have you ever ſeen a dog walk about a room on his hinder legs, keeping with difficulty from crawling on all four, and ſtill bending forward all the way he went? as like as two peas—I mean the patriot and the dog. If the noble ſpoke, the anſwer was ready long before the queſtion was aſked,—and the ſweeteſt humility! did you ever hear a certain looſe, but humorous French ſong, in which a capuchin fryar is ſuppoſed to die, and travel to not the moſt deſirable of the two other worlds, where as ſoon as he arrives, he is accoſted by the black monarch, with—*Capucin?—plait il*, in great humility ſays the capuchin, *plait il Monſeigneur?*

Ask the good driver of what conſequence it will be for you to hit the quarter when your carriage is heavy, and the ruts are deep at the *very inſtant* of changing; he will tell you that if you do not then hit the quarter, you may drag on with difficulty for miles together; and it may be juſt as material for you to ſeize *one* opportunity of ſerving yourſelf in the world, the neglecting of which may leave you to drudge on in difficulties and diſtreſs for years afterwards.

Modesty, non-pretenſion, and delicacy of behaviour when joined to the accidental dignity of riches, and an elevated ſtation, will certainly ſucceed and be admired; but when joined only to intrinſic dignity, without thoſe accidental advantages, they will ſerve perhaps, only to hide that dignity in an obſcure ſtation. The very qualities then which make you admired at the top of the world, might have ſerved alſo, however you deſerve to be there, to have kept you from the top of the world.

One is ſometimes tempted to think that there is a kind of compenſation of advantage

tage even between knowledge and ignorance: how often is knowledge diſappointed of its moſt rational expectations, and ignorance gratified in thoſe that are irrational and extravagant?

We often act as if we fancied that perſuaſion would be in proportion to vehemence; yet do we not obſerve, that the player who over-acts, affects us ſtill leſs than he that under-acts?

If a particular branch of a tree grows out ſo luxuriantly as to rob the other parts of their nouriſhment, we call it a deformity in the tree; and we do the ſame when the like accident happens to the human body; ought we not alſo in the ſame caſe, to hold the ſame opinion of the mind, notwithſtanding the contrary has generally prevailed?

It is ſo much in the nature of men to over-reach and deceive one another, that their very ſports and plays are founded on that principle.

We never play ſo well at any game of addreſs, as when we are not at all anxious to play well; nay, as when we don't know that

that we play well; is not this as true in the game of life?

It would be doing cunning too much honour to call it an inferior ſpecies of true diſcernment: every good quality ſeems to be mimicked by ſome mock quality that is bad. Cunning then is a mock diſcernment: as we read of a certain wild beaſt who has another ready to aſſiſt him in his robberies, ſo is one bad quality of the mind often aſſiſted by another, and cunning is the Jackall of perfidy; when cunning appears therefore, we ſhould always ſuſpect its companion to be near.

I have often heard people wiſh to ſee ſuch or ſuch famous perſons who are dead, as particular rarities in human nature, which had produced no other like them, but what if they ſee ſuch continually, and it is *the occaſion* only, which brought the character into play, that they ſhould wiſh to ſee?

It is infinitely leſs the thing which makes you applaud the man that ſays it, than it is the man who makes you applaud the thing that is ſaid. This you ſay is obvious; granted: but I ſpeak of the

the *degree*, and *to you* who think it *obvious*.

He may be called a *good* muſician who is capable of following a certain key properly and well, and poſſibly going from it into others which plainly and naturally offer themſelves in their connection with it. But he only can be called a *great* muſician, who is capable of ſeeing the connection of keys which do not plainly offer themſelves, and yet exiſt in nature, and have an effect on the hearer, delicate and refined in proportion to the nicety of that connection. Is not this obſervation exactly applicable to the underſtanding?

Were I to compoſe a triumvirate of great and ſimilar geniuſes, I would put together three men whom you may poſſibly think utterly unlike each other; I mean Swift, the man of fun, preſident Monteſquieu the philoſopher, and Scarlatti the muſician. What diſcoveries did they make of diſtant connections and beauties, till then unknown, each in the different courſe of nature he purſued, and therefore how ſimilar and how great is the triumvirate!

THERE is methinks a *ſenſe* as well as a *man* of faſhion.

THERE is a French word which it is the faſhion to ridicule and laugh at, and which notwithſtanding, I would give my vote for adopting as an Engliſh one. It is in my opinion as expreſſive, as extenſive in its meaning, and as little known here as any in the French language, I mean the word *ton*; I ſee methinks a good or a bad *ton* in every thing that is ſaid, written, or acted, and a man will diſcover one or the other by the very manner of holding up his finger, or putting out his leg. The *ton* is that which gives the ſtamp of grace or aukwardneſs to all we ſay or do. The *bon ton* is that which is neceſſary to the ornament of the writings, the carriage, the actions of all the world.

A MAUVAIS *ton*, to a man of a *bon ton*, is what diſcord is to a good ear.

DON'T you think Lætitia, that Florimel is a very pretty gentleman! O? vaſtly ſo, ſo French! true, vaſtly French——he has *l'aile du pigeon*. I'll tell you a ſecret Lætitia, but don't divulge it, for the ſake of

your friends——*l'aile du pigeon* is *not* French. Oh! but it is though, elſe I'm ſure Florimel would not wear it. Well, perhaps it is French, but however, it is the French of the *Garçons Caffetiers* and the *Commis*. Well, replied Lætitia, I was ſure it was French, and indeed—it's vaſtly pretty.

I HARDLY know any thing ſo ridiculous as the aſſumed caution of a fool who has found himſelf deceived by you, or ſo ſure of defeating its own end.

DEMONSTRATION is by no means a match for ſelfiſhneſs, and often have I envied the perſon whoſe ſelfiſhneſs has withſtood the force of demonſtration; how happy ſometimes is ſuch blindneſs, or if you will, ſuch meanneſs! and how fallible therefore is the maxim "virtue is its own reward."

WE are generally willing to give up a particular opinion in proportion as the majority of our opinions are good, and unwilling in proportion as they are bad, it ſeems as if this ordination reverſed would have been happier.

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THE jockey will diſcourſe by the hour on horſes from generation to generation, the hunter on chaſes with all their appurtenances, the farmer on grain and tillage, the politician on politics, and ſo on, it is natural; but there is one ſort of man that will talk, nay with pleaſure, on the very contrary of what he does every day, and all day long. I mean the ungenerous and unreaſonable man.

BEING *common-place* is perhaps generally leſs a proof of a thing's being too obvious and trivial, than of its being ſtriking and important; for how ſtriking muſt that obſervation be which every body makes? and at the ſame time how neceſſary is it ſtill to inculcate the leſſon contained in it which has never yet been carried into practice?

THERE is a kind of vanity and affectation, than which I know nothing more diſguſtful to others, or comfortable to ourſelves.

I HARDLY know a ſight that raiſes ones indignation more than that of an enlarged ſoul, joined to a contracted fortune, unleſs

it be that ſo much more common one, of a contracted ſoul joined to an enlarged fortune.

We ought to confeſs our faults; true: but to whom? to generoſity. How often then ſhould we confeſs our faults?

Says Philintus, what can be the meaning of it! 'tis certainly ſo—the world is not fond of me; and yet God knows I do all I can to pleaſe every body; I ſtudy the humour of every body, and endeavour to indulge it; I omit no opportunity of doing pleaſure or ſervice, and yet, I ſee it plainly, the world does not like me—its very ungrateful though after all;—d——n the world —rot me if ever I beſtow another moment's attention or thought upon it!—thus Philintus reſolved; from that moment every body was delighted with him.

The head and heart corrupt, or improve each other.

Helluo has a heart rather cold, and a head tolerably ſenſible; Narciſſus has a heart rather warm, and a head intolerably fooliſh: Helluo's underſtanding directs him to do that which others think right; he ſees how

proper it is to do ſo, nay, how much it is for his own credit and intereſt, and however his ſelfiſhneſs may prompt him to ſacrifice others to himſelf, yet he has too much good ſenſe to do it, when the wrong would be too groſs either to be concealed or palliated; in ſuch caſes therefore he is govern'd by reaſon, and in ſpight of inclination, he does as he ought to do; but as Helluo does right only from policy, Narciſſus does right merely from inſtinct: Narciſſus is not without a certain warmth and fellow-feeling for others, and therefore his wiſhes and inclinations towards them are almoſt always favourable, except when their intereſt immediately and manifeſtly claſhes with his own; he never yet did any thing becauſe he ought to do it, nor is he able to judge what ought to be done, and therefore whenever his heart wants warmth to prompt him to do right, his underſtanding never hinders his doing wrong; hence he will ſometimes do wrong, when in mere policy he ſhould do right, at other times he may do right, when a better man on the whole would do wrong. Nothing then is ſo different as the heads and hearts of Helluo

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and Narciſſus; but there is, it ſeems, a certain degree of kindneſs without ſenſe, and a certain degree of ſenſe without kindneſs, which with reſpect to the merit of the actions they produce, will weigh to a grain alike, in the ſcales of reaſon and juſtice.

THE impertinent and the captious are perhaps more offenſive at the time they are not impertinent or captious than when they are. Had you not rather that Damocles's ſword ſhould e'en fall upon your head than ſit under it in continual fear of its falling?

HOW different are DELICACY and CAPTIOUSNESS! and yet how often are they confounded by ourſelves and others! he who is offended at the omiſſion of what he had no right to expect, and he who feels the minuteſt neglect of what he ought to receive, will certainly conſider their ſenſations as the effect of the ſame principle: yet it is manifeſt that the two principles which really produce them differ in the ſame degree as right and wrong; but they who *offend* will perhaps as often confound captiouſneſs and delicacy as they that *are offended:* for as

they always ſuppoſe their own conduct to be *right*, it will neceſſarily follow that they will impute to the delicate man, who juſtly reſents it as *wrong*, the touchineſs of the captious man who condemns it *without reaſon*. Thus then will theſe two things be continually call'd the ſame, yet ſee how different they are in their natures; DELICACY which by an exquiſite ſenſe feels that a certain refinement is *due* to itſelf from others, is not only urged by that very ſenſe to *beſtow* it more freely upon them, but is alſo guarded againſt *requiring* more than is its due: CAPTIOUSNESS which on the contrary does *require* a conceſſion from others of more than is its *due*, is by that very principle prompted to *give* them leſs than is theirs. DELICACY never is deceived by mere appearances of offence, nay it allows for the ignorance, deficiency, and miſtakes of other mens minds; CAPTIOUSNESS reſents improprieties which are perhaps altogether ideal, and which ſuppoſing them to exiſt, are meaſured not by reaſon but pride. DELICACY finds its reſourſe in itſelf for real injuries, CAPTIOUSNESS is wounded by imaginary ones: DELICACY is ſenſible and

exalted

exalted, CAPTIOUSNESS foolish and mean.

THE most selfish thing I know in the world is generosity; but what a selfishness!

THERE are things belonging to us which are called misfortunes, whose bad effect falls chiefly on other people, and things which are call'd faults whose bad effect falls chiefly on ourselves; a stinking breath, for instance, is other people's punishment, and ill-humour our own.

COLDNESS is often call'd pride, and timidity folly.

THINGS have so many different aspects, not to mention the different dispositions of the same mind, that the most reasonable man must be liable to contradict himself.

THEY who quarrel often must have *L'esprit faux* as well as *L'esprit chagrin*.

WE have seen an actor often perform the character of a villain; we have also seen a great man or woman at the top of the world crowded by attendants and servants, and another at the bottom of the world poor, oppressed, and disregarded; we do not fail

after this prepoſſeſſion to pronounce that the firſt looks like a rogue, the ſecond very noble, and the third very mean.

THE pleaſure of an action is not always in proportion to the advantage gain'd by it.

IMPERTINENCE is, I confeſs it, a *good* method for the great to keep up their conſideration and reſpect in the world, but not *the beſt*.

IT's a hard taſk for a man to ſay *I don't know*; it hurts his pride: but ſhould not the *pretending he does* hurt it much more?

As there is a *no* which the man of gallantry perfectly underſtands to mean *yes*, ſo is there a *yes* which the man of delicacy perfectly underſtands to mean *no*. In the firſt inſtance, if you have any diſcernment you will diſcover that while the lips refuſe, the heart concedes, and you will therefore be little mortify'd by the refuſal. In the laſt inſtance, if you have any feeling you will diſcern that while the lips grant, the heart denies, and you will be as little flattered by the conceſſion.

SERVICES which are beſtowed rather from politeneſs than inclination are more

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irkſome to him that receives, than him that beſtows them.

THE laſt time of ſeeing a man agreeable or diſagreeable, who is equally one or the other, almoſt entirely fixes our opinion of his character.

MANY a man would be leſs clever, infinitely leſs agreeable, for learning to reaſon.

WHAT is the foundation of our opinion? numberleſs things, ſometimes reaſon.

WE often judge from our feeling when we ſhould feel, or at leaſt form our opinion, from our judgment.

WHAT a ſtrange thing is this French opera! does it not excite laughter rather than any other emotion? what ſtrange breaks! what unexpected guſts of ſound! how inexpreſſive of that tenderneſs to which muſic is ſo peculiarly adapted! and yet this is *Chaſſé*, the ſinger whoſe expreſſion is ſo much admired; but a love-ſcene is coming on, and there is the divine *Gelliant*; liſten, I beſeech you, to that tender part which you ſee by your book he is going to

perform: ſtill worſe and worſe you ſay, and in ſhort I find that this tender, this beſt part of all, offends you more than any other; this ſinging diſguſts you in proportion as it delights them, for their notion of perfection being directly oppoſite to yours, the nearer they approach it in their opinion, the farther you think they are from it. But will you declare at Paris that *Gelliant* diſpleaſes you? be perſuaded, leave them to their tranſports, and paſs not for a Hottentot. But after all, you ſay, that this ſinging is deteſtable; I aſk why? you anſwer again that it diſpleaſes you. That it diſpleaſes you I will readily allow, but that you therefore juſtly condemn it I may poſſibly doubt; and let me aſk you in my turn whether you have ſufficiently conſidered what is abſolutely, and what is only relatively good or bad. There is in nature no criterion by which queſtions of taſte can be determined: when we ſay that the expreſſion of ſuch or ſuch ſinging is tender, we uſe a relative term, and that expreſſion which excites tender ſenſations is tender with reſpect to thoſe in whom the ſenſation is excited, though with reſpect to another

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in whom it produces no ſuch ſenſation it is not tender. I ſay *alum* is an acid, and I prove it by ſhewing that it turns ſyrup of violets red, but if I ſay alum is ſour, how muſt I prove that? I bid you taſte it, you ſay it is ſweet, what am I to do then? there is nothing to which I can appeal but the taſte of others, the teſtimony of which you will never admit againſt your own. The debate between us therefore could have no end; and in the ſame endleſs debate was all Paris lately engaged, when one party was contending for the Italian, and another for the French muſic; neither of them conſidered that nature had not ordained the ſame ſounds to raiſe the ſame ſenſations in all minds, and therefore that different nations muſt have choſen different tones, both in ſpeaking and ſinging, to excite the ſame paſſions, and expreſs the ſame meaning; and this indeed is the fact; let it however be obſerved that I ſpeak only of the expreſſion, taſte, and manner, not of the compoſition, for they muſt not be confounded; an interrogation for inſtance is expreſſed by one tone in Italy, by another in France, and by a third, equally different, in England,

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ſo that the trueſt manner of aſking a queſtion on the Engliſh ſtage would be the moſt abſurd on the French, and *vice verſa*. It is juſt the ſame in muſic, for we find that ſongs which a lover of the Italian manner thinks the moſt tender, ſtriking, and expreſſive, and thoſe which almoſt alone conſtitute what can be called muſic, are the very ſongs at which a lover of the French manner is moſt diſpleaſed; and the reaſon is plain, the expreſſion is ſtronger, conſequently more touching to the perſon who has adopted it, and proportionably more grating to them who have adopted another that is widely different. I know indeed how little I ſhall be credited when I ſay that both theſe modes of expreſſion are equally right, becauſe moſt men precipitately judge for others from their own *feelings*, and in this caſe determine that the ſounds which raiſe certain ſenſations in them, *ought* to raiſe the ſame ſenſations in others. The French diſputants went farther, they both determined that their own muſic had moſt expreſſion in *itſelf*, becauſe it had moſt expreſſion

preſſion *to them*, but one party contended for the gaiety of the Italian; ſo that probably thoſe who had the leaſt natural taſte for muſic, defended Italian muſic, while it was oppoſed by thoſe who had moſt; thus prejudice and precipitancy produce error, and thus error overwhelms truth.

THERE are qualities which are quite unobſerved in one ſituation, by the very people who would admire them in another where certain advantageous circumſtances ſerve as glaſſes to aſſiſt their ſight.

THERE are men who will be fair and impartial about themſelves, when they are reflecting calmly by themſelves, but the misfortune is, that it is not *then* their impartiality is wanted.

SOME women deſtroy all your ſenſibility towards them by their coldneſs, others by their heat.

A FOOL often gets the better of a man of ſenſe merely by his being deſpiſed and diſregarded; as the Dutch while they took proper care to ſecure the conſiderable parts of

of their bulwarks againſt the ſea, had like to have been deſtroyed by the worms they overlooked.

NOTHING is a ſtronger proof of the prejudice of education than that men who are born in deſpotic governments, will ſtretch their imaginations to deviſe arguments againſt thoſe that are free, ſince in that inſtance prejudice is ſtronger even than ſelf-intereſt.

IT is an unhappy, and yet I fear a true reflection, that they who have uncommon eaſineſs and ſoftneſs of temper have ſeldom very noble and nice ſenſations of ſoul.

A SOFT temper much oftener proceeds from an inſenſibility of meanneſs, than a fierce temper does from an abhorrence of it.

No wonder we love diſguiſed flattery when we love it even when it is known.

MISFORTUNES, and the natural conſequence of them, ill-uſage, may convert a *good* temper into a *bad* one; but why does

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proſperity and good-uſage turn a *bad* temper into a *worſe?*

It is in numberleſs inſtances happier to have a falſe opinion which we believe true, than a true one of which we doubt.

Most men have more courage than even they themſelves think they have.

The heavineſs of grief is rarely diſtinguiſhed from that of ſtupidity.

We ſhould do by our cunning as we do by our courage, always have it ready to defend ourſelves, never to offend others.

There is a ſtudy for which I would give up the whole ſtudy of the ſchools, and let me add that it is the eaſieſt, the moſt uſeful, as well as the moſt neglected ſtudy in the world: connection.

No wonder that men are ſatisfied with *one* falſe, or at beſt dubious light of a thing, ſince they are ſo often with *two* that are contradictory.

What man ſo mean as to ſuffer himſelf to be called lyar! yet where is truth?

I HAVE almoſt always obſerved people's *profeſſions*, nay ſometimes I could almoſt think even their *ſenſe* of generoſity has been ſtrong, in proportion as their own generoſity has been weak; this puts one in mind of the grove call'd *Lucus a non lucendo*. But what does it proceed from? a conſciouſneſs of defect which it is intended to hide? or an exceſs of ſelf-love, which exaggerates the virtue in proportion as it finds more force neceſſary to practiſe it? as to me I ſhould think that both are generally concurrent cauſes of the contradiction.

OUR admiration is generally rather in proportion to our preſent ignorance of what we admire, than the difficulty of knowing it.

ARE not ſome of the wonderful acts of policy in government, which we admire as the pinacle of human ſagacity, to ſome common acts what the caſting up a ſum in pounds is, to the caſting up one in ſhillings?

WHAT is profuſion and odious, what is oſtentation and deſpicable in one man, is

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ſometimes a noble liberality and a becoming dignity in another. I have ſaid we ſhould *feel* from our *judgment*, let me then offer my exception and ſay, we ſhould *judge* from our *feeling*.

No fruit has a more preciſe mark'd period of maturity than love; if neglected to be gather'd at that time, it will certainly fall to the ground and die away.

THE greateſt ſlave in a kingdom is generally the king of it.

THERE are men, if I may be allowed ſo ſtrange a paradox, who would be more agreeable, if they were leſs ſo.

LOVE will ſacrifice more to others than friendſhip, but then it exacts more from them.

COURAGE, it muſt be confeſſed, ſometimes ſeems to coincide but ill with reaſon, but then it is from being ſuperior to it.

IF ever obſtinacy and wrongheadedneſs aſſume, nay *acquire*, the honourable titles of reſolution and ſteadineſs, ſurely it is in the ſpirit of party.

MINUCIUS is an ancient gentleman who declares aloud for the honeſt plain dealing of our fore-fathers, and againſt all the new-fangled inventions of their children; he has never conformed to any alteration, he has not even changed the make of his clothes theſe thirty years, and has therefore been often forced in and out of the faſhion, by old time, as the ſame mode has been renewed, aboliſhed, and renewed again: a Smart was lately ſurprized to ſee old Minucius in ſhort *jemmy* ruffles as ſoon as himſelf; and but a few years ago theſe ſame ſhort ruffles were laughed at, as a mark of the old Don's ſingularity. On a Sunday Minucius goes conſtantly to church, but he ſeems to think it equally his duty to have beef and pudding for his Sunday's dinner; this in his opinion, is a very conſiderable part of orthodox chriſtianity: beſides, he talks of beef as the foundation not only of the vigour, but even of the virtues of his countrymen, and he thinks there is no beef but in England. As to politics, he calls himſelf a tory, as his father did; not a jacobite but a tory; for his father did not call himſelf a jacobite; the critical difference he muſt give you himſelf,

himſelf, all I know is, that he never gave a vote with any miniſtry upon any occaſion, or ever will. There is a village within two or three miles of his ſeat which no man, except a certain judge, has driven through of time immemorial, for the road is impaſſable; it happened that ſome courtier propoſed a turnpike to mend it, and Minucius, with the heroic virtue of a Roman patriot, has promoted ſuch an oppoſition to the project, as would charm you. No man ſo ſteady as Minucius; he is indeed one of the honeſteſt men in England, and he ſhews it, you ſee, the right way, not in private, but in public life. He is in ſhort, a man to be relied upon; the very mirror of conſtancy: his gardens are ſtill full of green peacocks, green pyramids, green minced pyes, and green ſtatues. He lights his fires on Michaelmas day, and would not for the Indies light them before. Nay I queſtion, if we could ſuppoſe nature in a waggiſh mood ſhould make winter and ſummer change places, whether honeſt Minucius would not ſhudder at his window from May to September, and ſwelter by his fire from September to May. O! he is a

moſt ſteady man! I was lately at the county meeting, and being aſked for my bumper-toaſt; Sir, ſaid I, if you pleaſe I'll give you *honeſt* Mr. Minucius.

MAY not the reports circulated in the world, be compared to the different caſts of an intaglio or buſt, which are taken one under another, and grow weak in proportion to their diſtance from the originals? may not alſo the ſmatterers in politics and news, who tell you, with an air of profound penetration and great importance, the imperfect ſtories which they have imperfectly learned from paltry retailers, be compared to the ſmatterers in taſte, who admire the dead ſpiritleſs produce of the ſhadowy mould, and value themſelves upon it?

OF how little value is the faculty of demonſtrating a falſity in the reaſoning or acting of another, compared to the power of hearing falſe reaſoning, and ſeeing falſe acting without pain!

WHEN we accuſe men of loving ſcandal, let us however conſider, and allow for the diſproportion of numbers, between the proper ſubjects of praiſe and blame.

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It by no means follows, that he who has more agreeable qualities than another, is therefore more agreeable; any more than that the painter who has the richeſt colours to work with, ſhall therefore make the beſt colour'd picture.

We often perſuade ourſelves that we diſlike people we really like, and that we like people we really diſlike.

The old world and the new have been inceſſantly canvaſſing the queſtion, "what "makes man happy." But I never heard that either diſputed what meat would beſt gratify his palate; and yet it is as clear that the ſame things will not make all men happy, as that the ſame meats will not pleaſe all palates.

People are very apt to compare their preſent ſituation with the beſt that is paſt, or with a better of other people's, whereas quite the contrary would always be more politic, and generally more reaſonable.

It is ſometimes happy for ſelfiſh people that you value yourſelf; they gain from that principle what they could not poſſibly obtain on their own accounts.

I HAVE read in books of travels of certain beaſts of prey who are exceeding fleet but cannot turn, and of other beaſts who are not fleet, but have a facility of turning, by which they eſcape them: They put me in mind of two ſorts of underſtandings.

THERE are faults in others we are often indulgent to; I mean thoſe which have a connection with our own.

HABIT is the cement of ſociety, the comfort of life, and alas! the root of error.

YOU ſay that you are going to do ſomething which to your friends and the world appears wrong, but that you can eaſily produce arguments which will prove it to be right: take my advice then, do it firſt and prove it to be right afterwards; or rather do it without proving it to be right at all; and believe me, the world will be much ſooner ſatisfied by your doing what you chooſe to do without producing any arguments in defence of it, poſſibly even without your having any, than by the plaineſt demonſtration, that you ought to do what they

they have previouſly determined you ſhould not do.

As our circumſtances, company or place change, and ſtill more as time advances, we fancy all nature changes: thus children believe that objects on ſhore retire from them when they are in a ſhip that is under full ſail, and leaving the objects.

To diveſt one's ſelf of ſome prejudices, would be like taking off the ſkin to feel the better.

The mind's eye is perhaps no better fitted for the full radiance of truth, than is the body's for that of the ſun.

We ſhould do by ſtories that are told us as by goods in a ſhop, make ſome abatement of courſe, however ignorant we may be of their true value.

Wit catches of wit, as fire of fire.

The mirth of fools inſpires melancholy.

What is become of Argaſtes? he is dead: of Hermagoras? dead: of Fulvius? dead: of Corinna, Philon, Fulvia, Pithius, and all that ſet with whom I have paſſed ſo many pleaſing hours? they are all dead.

Dead? all dead? all fallen round me? good God! and am I then alive? how have I escaped in so general a mortality? what a number! all walking, talking, enjoying—it was but yesterday—to day all gone, never to return! I too must follow them—alas! I *know* that I *must* follow them.—But when? I know not when.—Soon: yes, I know to demonstration that it will be soon. And is not this inevitable, this near dissolution, shocking to my nature? nothing is so strong as my attachment to life, and must not then my abhorrence and dread of death by a *necessary* consequence be proportionably strong? yes, certainly, says reason, yet hear and wonder, experience says no. For who lives in this fear? who feels this consequential dread of necessary dissolution? no one. And why? because it was kindly ordained that in this instance we should be inconsistent; because nature has given us a happy insensibility where reason would not have been able to supply us with fortitude; for change the institution of nature, to which she has thus adapted our minds, ever so minutely, nay change it in favour of life, and the terrors of

anticipated

anticipated death will have all their force. For ſuppoſe you was to be told that you ſhould certainly live thirty years, but that at the end of thirty years you ſhould be beheaded, and ſuppoſe your age to be now ſixty; would you accept the compoſition? or if you *knew* this to be your *fate*, would you be as eaſy as if you were left to the *chance* of nature? no certainly; death would be every moment anticipated with anxiety and terror; and yet if you have now lived ſixty years, the odds are very great that you will not live thirty more; it is therefore very great odds that you gain ſeveral years of life by ſuch a bargain: and if your chearful reſignation in one caſe was the effect of reaſon, it follows that your reſignation would be more chearful in the other. If it be objected, that though it is morally certain you will not live to be an hundred and fifty, yet it is phyſically poſſible that you may live to be three hundred, and that a ſecret hope of this poſſibility would determine your choice for the contingency; I anſwer, that our choice would in no other caſe be determined by ſuch an hope; for ſuppoſe you was offered

either one thouſand pounds certain, or as many times fifty pounds as you ſhould throw the ſame number ſucceſſively with a pair of dice, you would not ſurely chooſe the contingency becauſe there is a mere phyſical poſſibility that you may continue to throw the ſame number till you win two thouſand. And yet the two caſes are exactly parallel if the term of life offered to be enſured is put at more than an hundred. Yes, believe me, the removing ſome prejudices would be like taking off the ſkin to feel the better.

Of two men one may have a right opinion of a thing, the other a wrong, and yet he that holds the right opinion may have leſs knowledge of the ſubject than he that holds the wrong. The reaſon is, he that has examined it but a little way may not have come to the difficulties which embarraſs the truth and perplex him that has examined farther. And theſe difficulties being ſuch, as *perfect* knowledge only can *ſurmount*, and a *little* knowledge *cannot ſee*, the two extremities, deep knowledge and great ignorance may form the ſame judgment.

IT is in love that we prove the firſt pleaſure is melancholy, and the firſt eloquence ſilence.

THE opinions of men of great abilities are reſpectable *before* they have given their reaſons for them, but *afterwards* they are upon a level with the opinions of other men, for they will *then* depend upon the reaſons for ſupport, not upon the authority of the character.

THINGS that are advanced perſuade leſs in general from their own force upon us, than from that which they appear to have had on the mind of him who relates them.

ALMOST every virtue leads to a vice; ſo that he who did not perceive where one began and the other ended, was, even at the time he was exerciſing what is called a virtue, properly ſpeaking, only in the road to vice.

GOOD-HUMOUR ſhews itſelf even in ill-humour.

PARMENIO's contracted taſte is charm'd with the piece of muſic when not a de-

viation from harmony offends his ear; with the high finiſhed picture where each very hair is expreſſed; with the face where no one feature is out of proportion. Philemon's enlarged taſte is charmed with the moſt unexpected note of a Scarlatti; with the ſingle ſtroke of the pencil of a Caracci; with the grace and expreſſion of beauty wherever he finds it. The two taſtes go on thus differing about all arts, all ſciences, and all nature.

Some men tempt me to ſay—Ambition is the coxcomicalneſs of good ſenſe and old age.

Some characters are like ſome bodies in chymiſtry; very good perhaps in themſelves, yet fly off and refuſe the leaſt conjunction with each other.

We can in general be much leſs ſure of the truth of a thing than of the falſhood; becauſe though every part we have ſeen may agree, yet we cannot tell how many may be behind, and one failure of connection will be ſufficient to falſify the whole.

THE *firſt* thing with men is the ſide they take; the *ſecond*, the arguments for it.

MAN is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter; is he not alſo the only one that deſerves to be laughed at?

WHAT an advantage have ſome artiſts, from the very nature of their art, over others! charming Kent! how beautiful is that green lawn, bounded by thoſe venerable oaks and beaches! how elegant is that Grecian temple which terminates yonder viſta; on the other hand, what a thicket of odoriferous ſhrubs riſes in the middle of that level green, mixing innumerable variegated colours, and breathing all the fragrancy of nature! every ſenſe is delighted, and your pleaſure again breaks out in ſpontaneous encomiums on the artiſt whoſe works you have not yet exhauſted. You ſtrike into the ſolemn ſhade of a tall grove, and as you walk on you are ſuddenly ſurprized with a ſteep deſcent, and at the bottom you diſcover a gloomy cavern: the ſcenes have now given a romantic turn to your fancy, and you expect ſome ſyl-

van god, or at leaſt ſome venerable druid to walk forth and accoſt you. You purſue your walk through the mazes of the wood, and give yourſelf up to the power of imagination, almoſt perſuaded that you wander among the prodigies of enchantment. Your ear is now alarmed by the fall of water, and now you ſee it, rolling down the ſteep, in a copious and perpetual ſtream, which appears to have been the ſport of nature, from the beginning of time: you turn, and in a moment the water is heard no more: the grove which involved you in its gloom is vaniſhed, and a glade opens before you, ſpotted with deer, and diverſified with clumps of trees that are too diſtant to mingle their ſhades with each other; the ſkies are here reflected by a level lake, and there invaded by a tow'ring obeliſk that ſeems to glory in its elevation: you look round and ſee the happy vale almoſt incloſed by a hollow hanging wood, which is itſelf overlooked by a temple that ſeems the worthy habitation of a god. You gain the ſummit by an eaſy and almoſt imperceptible aſcent, and a new world opens before you! fertile vallies, craggy ſteps,

and

and winding waters, diverſify the ſcene.—Your ſoul is ſhaken by the immenſity of proſpect! you deſcend, and before you are aware loſe yourſelf in a thicket, where the bloſſom of every ſhrub ſheds its fragrant foliage in your boſom, and unnumbered flowers ſpring up under your feet. The brown bark of the taller tree bluſhes with the damaſk hue of the interwoven roſe, and the climbing woodbine repays the ſupport that ſhe borrows with the redolence of ſpring. A gentle water ſteals through its winding way with a ſlow and ſilent pace, waſhing the foot of a light and airy building, inſpiring not awe but pleaſure, adorned with all the luxuriance of exhauſted art; varied ſhells, ſparkling cryſtals, brown foſſils, and many coloured gems decorate its gay pillars: ſurely you cry this is enchantment! The dreams of poets are now realized, the nymphs and fawns will ſhortly ruſh from their retreats, I ſhall hear the rural muſic of the golden age, and trace immortal beauties through the mazes of the dance! But the melody of the birds now ceaſes, the ſetting ſun tinges the diſtant hills with a golden hue, and the woods are deepened with

with a browner ſhade; you once more re-collect your real ſituation, and you once more offer up your ejaculatory praiſe to Kent, to whoſe art you impute the beauties of nature, and whom you honour as the genius to whoſe power you owed your de-delight. You do not reflect that it was not the power of Kent that raiſed that mighty range of hills, and covered them with that venerable wood; that Kent did not give the valley its ſprings, nor break the rock into craggs; that Kent has no influence over that glorious planet, from which all life and all beauty is derived, which gives fertility to the ground, taſte to the peach, and colour to the roſe.—Happy artiſt, and happy art! to be thus employed on that which at once diſpoſes every heart to rejoice, and every tongue to commend; while the WIT has no chance to pleaſe but by the happy aſſemblage of things in themſelves indiſ-ferent or diſpleaſing; of *words* which de-rive all their force and beauty merely from their arrangement, whoſe work can never much pleaſe till the whole connection is known, and whom all men before they

can

can be thus pleaſed are impatient to condemn.

ALAS, poor Crito! how gay, how ſenſible, how witty! thus was he eſteemed by every one, and happy were they who enjoyed his company; he amuſed, he ſhone, he entertained, and yet never overwhelmed: often have I been delighted with his converſation; and in ſhort, he was univerſally eſteemed a man of wit and ſenſe. Strange and ſudden tranſition! laſt night was he pronounced a fool; his play was damned.

WHAT a paradox to the contracted mind! often has a fault been the proof of virtue, and an error of ſenſe.

POPE ſays,

'For forms of government let fools conteſt,
'Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt.

but are all *equally calculated* to be well adminiſtered? or if all were well adminiſtered would all be *equally good?*

THOSE who play a part in a converſation are, in one particular, like thoſe who play a part in a concert; for though they *hear* the other parts, yet they *pay* very little *attention* to any but their own.

THEY

THEY that ſeldom take pleaſure, ſeldom give pleaſure.

ONE thing ſeems to be true of pleaſure which is true of nothing elſe; the more you love it yourſelf, the more of it you afford to others.

THE world will be much leſs willing to excuſe you for not keeping it at a proper diſtance from you, than for not keeping yourſelf at a proper diſtance from the world.

HOW many ridiculous ſcenes ſhould we ſee in the world if each pair of men, that ſecretly laugh at each other, were to laugh at each other aloud!

IN giving rules for mankind to follow ſhould it not be remembered that men are particulars?

IF we do not correct ourſelves we are ſullied with faults, if we do correct ourſelves and remove our faults, we damp the fire and leſſen the natural charm of our virtues. What is to be done?

How much ſurprized would ſome conſcientious people be to have it proved to them how often they have told lies!

MEN

MEN oftner lay traps for others, in favour of themſelves, unknowingly than knowingly.

WITH the trueſt theory the practice will very often be defective; is that ſtrange? without any theory at all, the practice will often be compleat; is not that ſtranger ſtill?

How ſeldom do we hear it ſaid ſuch a man's ſcheme failed of the ſucceſs he expected, but that he *deſerved* to have ſucceeded; and yet how *often* is that the caſe? how often do we hear the circumſtances which precede the miſcarriage of an undertaking canvaſſed and judged to be ſo many concurrent cauſes of it; and yet how *ſeldom* is that the caſe?

DISCERNMENT is a power of the underſtanding in which few excel; is not that owing to its connection with impartiality and truth? for are not prejudice and partiality blind?

I HAVE heard players on the harpſichord ſay, that a very difficult paſſage would ſometimes become extremely eaſy, merely from being ſhewn the beſt and moſt natural man-

ner of fingering. Is not this rule applicable to many difficulties of the mind? yes, but there we have no maſter.

We invert the nature of man, and ſuppoſe that his opinion reſults from his reaſoning, inſtead of ſuppoſing that his reaſoning reſults from his opinion: ſource of error! and if we could avoid it, how much impoſition ſhould we avoid with it!

It is unlucky for all parties when Avarice makes a painful effort to be generous, which only ſerves to prove her want of generoſity.

Poetic licence is an allowed deviation from certain general rules of writing; there are alſo allowed deviations from certain general rules of life, but in both caſes it is to the ſuperior genius only that this allowance is made.

It is a paradox, yet a truth; all men *cannot be reaſonable*, I had almoſt ſaid, all men *cannot* will *to be reaſonable*, and often when we accuſe them of acting quite contrary to reaſon, we ſhould conſider, perhaps pity, the imperfect eyes of their minds,

which ſee falſly, for " what can we reaſon " but from what we know ?"

WHEN we are very young we have ſcarce an idea of becoming old, when we are old we have ſcarce a remembrance of having been young.

I HAVE about as much faith in the politician as phyſician, and I confeſs it, not a great deal in either : what a complication of cauſes and effects mutually claſhing with each other which they cannot regulate ! what windings and turnings in nature which they cannot trace ! I ſpeak of the beſt, what then ſhall be ſaid of the others ?

I KNOW not whether the trueſt and beſt ſtate of nature be not a ſtate of more prejudice and ignorance than we are aware of.

THERE *are* men whom we call *penetrating* ; and yet if we mean to be exact, would not, even there, the true word be, *ingenious ?*

SWIFT ſays ſomewhere, and I think very well ; " If a great man keeps me at a " diſtance from him, he muſt alſo keep

" himſelf at a diſtance from me;" and undoubtedly he means that he will admit no man's familiarity upon unequal terms; yet there is a diſagreeable circumſtance attending this caſe, I mean that this ſorry great man will infallibly conſider the diſtance between you and him, as altogether the effect of his own act, and that if you are not about him, it is becauſe he will not let you.

It unfortunately happens that moſt of the cenſures on great men are paſſed by little men; and do we not ſometimes miſtake in ourſelves the effect of pride and envy, even for that of virtuous indignation?

What ſatisfaction have you in the diſcourſe of others, about what you happen to be minutely acquainted with yourſelf? what faith then ſhould you have in that which is about what you are not minutely acquainted with yourſelf?

It is equally true of any part you are to play in the world, as of any particular game that depends upon manual dexterity, as tennis, cricket, and billiards, that it is

leſs difficult to play well when you are a head and likely to win, than when you are behind and likely to loſe.

We often judge better of a thing before reaſoning upon it than after.

A fish will ſometimes with pleaſure riſe out of his element and ſpring into ours: ſo a man will ſometimes with pleaſure riſe from prejudice and falſhood into the ſphere of reaſon and truth. But the fiſh will moſt naturally and joyfully dive again into his element of water; and the man as joyfully and naturally into his element of prejudice and falſhood.

As there are mines in the earth which men poſſeſs without knowing it; ſo are there often qualities and perfections of the mind.

I remember a ridiculous ſcene in one of our plays where a fooliſh ſervant maid takes up a Guittar of her old maſter's, and wonders to find that ſhe cannot bring any tunes out of it; there are tunes in it ſhe is ſure, for ſhe has heard ſeveral fetched out of it by her maſter; why then cannot ſhe fetch them out? Is not this Guittar

an emblem of our own minds? is there not a capacity in us of giving and receiving the moſt delicious ſenſations, a harmony which may for ever lie dormant for want of the artiſt's ſkill to produce it? nay, may we not go yet farther, are not ſtrings ſometimes touched, and powers of ſenſation awakened in us, which we ourſelves did not know to exiſt?

FREE-THINKER: What a term of honour, or if you will, diſhonour! but where is he that can claim it?

THE ſame quality may be delightful in one man and diſguſting in another: one man may have a light that wants a ſhade, another a ſhade that wants a light.

HOW beautiful is the beſt ſide of the world, how ſhocking the worſt!

WE often palliate and conceal a fault from ourſelves, juſt as we do from another.

A MAN of great cunning, art, and inſinuation, may be compared to a high-formed horſe at Newmarket, which, if unknown,

unknown, may get an eſtate; but if known, will get leſs than a much worſe: he will never be matched.

THERE are men, it is true, who will talk and reaſon with you agreeably and ſatisfactorily; if ſelf-love is their *firſt* principle, you will at leaſt allow that reaſon is their *ſecond:* if you are not ſatisfied with this and inſiſt on reaſon's being the *firſt*, and ſelf love the *ſecond*, all that can be ſaid is, that you are an unconſcionable man, and never will be ſatisfied.——What! would you take your enemy to your breaſt! embrace that reaſon which will deſtroy you!

HAVE you never ſeen a ſtrange unconnected deformed repreſentation of a figure, which ſeen in another point of view, became proportioned and agreeable? It is the picture of man.

SELF-LOVE often preys on itſelf.

YOU will not buy that eſtate, that houſe, that horſe, it is blown upon: you want it? yes; and it is worth the money? it is blown upon.—Fools that we are! is it then not enough that we cheat others

but we muſt cheat ourſelves too! you laugh, Timoleon, at the abſurdity, and —you will commit it.

Timoleon is generally allowed to be notable and keen, one who *knows what he is about*, and poſſeſſes that uſeful knowledge *how to take care of one*; yet I myſelf know three ſlips of his making; he had a good picture which was worth four hundred pound; he aſked five for it a conſiderable time, and was forced at laſt to ſell it for three: he had a match at tennis offered him, in which he would have had about two biſques the advantage, but wanted half fifteen and refuſed it: he might have run his horſe at Newmarket where he would have had four or five pounds the beſt of it, but did not becauſe he could not get ſeven or eight, and I live in the hopes of hearing that he has miſſed of ſome ſnug and convenient eſtate, becauſe it is blown upon.

Let us not expect men to ſee truth *before* it is ſhewn them, they do not ſee it *afterwards*.

How

How ſeldom is generoſity perfect and pure! how often do men give becauſe it throws a certain inferiority on thoſe who receive, and ſuperiority on themſelves!

Can man be incorrigible with ſo much *love* for virtue!

There are faults which do not ſeem to require amendment; nay they almoſt ſeem to change their very eſſence, to become virtues, and inſpire other men with a kind of affection for them as ſoon as they diſcover in us the conſciouſneſs of having them.

Lucullus ſaw a thouſand beauties in Sophronia, ſhe had the moſt tender attachment to Lucullus; and, as nothing hinder'd, the happieſt union was ſoon compleated between them. The more he ſaw of her, the more excellence he diſcover'd, the more he admired her, the more he loved her. But alas! where is perfection? as the connection became more intimate, ſome little latent defects, ſome of thoſe weeds from which the human ſoil was yet never free, appear'd; and he could not but wiſh them pluck'd up; not on the account of their

ſigni-

ficancy, but his peculiar admiration of the ſoil in which they grew: yes, that very readineſs at ſpying defect in another, that common mark of human malignity, was in Lucullus the reſult of the moſt delicate ſenſibility—He could not bear that Sophronia ſhould be ſullied with the leaſt blemiſh, though he knew that that blemiſh, like a flaw in a diamond, was diſcovered only by the luſtre that ſurrounded it. Sophronia had the moſt tender and generous attachment to Lucullus, and ſhe obſerved this ſilent, this ſecret uneaſineſs; for though his delicacy prevented his expreſſing it, yet her good ſenſe, or rather her affection, ſoon diſcover'd it: ſhe now grew uneaſy in her turn, but as her reaſon was not leſs ſtrong than her delicacy was refin'd, ſhe debated with herſelf what could be the cauſe of this uneaſineſs in Lucullus: let me, ſaid Sophronia, ſurmount if poſſible the natural blindneſs of partiality, and look into my own breaſt to ſee if there be not ſomething there that may have affected Lucullus: ſhe did ſo, ſhe examin'd her behaviour, ſhe examin'd her temper, ſhe compar'd them not with her own ſenſations, but

with

with thoſe which were expreſs'd by other people; and above all ſhe watch'd the expreſſion of Lucullus's countenance, to ſee if ſhe could not diſcover ſome defect in herſelf, by a correſpondency in his features when it appear'd. If, ſays ſhe, I ſee any mark of diſapprobation in Lucullus, I ſhall truſt to that information much more than to my unconſciouſneſs of demerit; thus in the condeſcending tenderneſs of her ſoul did ſhe determine, and the refinement of her art prevailed; ſhe read in Lucullus's face, not only what he was too generous to unfold, but what ſhe herſelf had never ſuſpected: alas! the very place which it is moſt neceſſary we ſhould enter, is generally the beſt guarded by prejudice againſt our own tuition; but before her candour, her reaſon, and above all, the delicacy of her paſſion for Lucullus, pride and pejudice immediately gave way; ſhe diſputed not a moment with her own heart, ſhe ſaw its imperfection in as ſtrong a light as ſhe would have done the imperfection of another; nay, ſhe ſaw it in a light which made it appear greater than it was. Beautiful exceſs! amiable error! ſhe thought it infinitely

finitely greater than Lucullus had ever done: I hate myſelf, ſaid Sophronia, what! could I want diſcernment to ſee the leaſt ſparkle of that in myſelf which would have glar'd in my eyes from another! poor Lucullus, thou ſhalt be ſatisfied; I would before have ſacrificed my life to thee, I will now do what I find would have been harder for me to have done hadſt thou not thus generouſly taught me the leſſon, to thee I will ſacrifice even my pride. Lucullus obſerved in Sophronia an attention yet more ſcrupulous than ſhe had before ſhewn even to him; a ſenſibility, an attractive ſoftneſs, a love which even ſurpaſſed her own. He obſerved too that whatever little peccadillo had thus grieved him was removed with the utmoſt complacency and chearfulneſs: Sophronia ſeemed not to have heſitated a moment between the pleaſing Lucullus, and diſpleaſing herſelf; nay, ſhe found that to be pleaſing, which ſhe ſaw to be meritorious; or rather, ſhe found that to be pleaſing to herſelf which ſhe thought would be pleaſing to Lucullus. How endearing! how lovely! Lucullus could not help

help ſeeing this alteration in Sophronia; what, ſays he, has Sophronia's ſuperior diſcernment and virtue, *corrected* defects which others want faculties to *ſee*? it is very ſtrange; no one could have told her that they hurt me for I never told it to any one. One evening as Sophronia was ſitting with Lucullus, tell me ſays ſhe, has there been nothing through the day that has diſpleaſed Lucullus? ah, tell me if there has, for your approbation is to me much preferable to my own! dear Sophronia, replied he, whence ſuch a doubt? the trueſt, the moſt efficacious method of giving me pleaſure is to receive it yourſelf; and believe me, Sophronia, there is no better mark of having done right than the very doubt of having done wrong; but of doing wrong thou art incapable, and mayſt thou ever enjoy the reward of thy tenderneſs and generoſity! Lucullus, ſee the ſtange effects of delicacy! he who had been hurt by what he thought ſomething of a defect in Sophronia, grew now yet more uneaſy at its removal, the very thing he had deſired: it ſeemed to him as if he had been

been guilty of ſome involuntary reproach, ſome indelicacy of carriage to his beloved Sophronia: he grew melancholy: Sophronia, ſhe who was happy only by his happineſs, ſoon ſaw it and reſolved to mention it; Lucullus, ſaid ſhe, the great, the only joy of my life is to ſee you eaſy and happy: I fear you have ſomething within your breaſt that affects you; O could I remove it! dear Sophronia, ſaid he, every tranſport, every endearment that I experience comes from you, every pain muſt proceed from you, and while I am ſure you have no pain I can have none, but I am not worthy thy goodneſs!—alas! ſaid Sophronia, I have lived but to offend you, and perhaps ſtill more myſelf. A torrent of tears guſhed from her eyes, and as the two lovers had often catched from each other the tenderneſs of joy, ſo did they now the anguiſh of grief; as ſoon as they found words, they inſenſibly proceeded to the original delicacy of the diſtreſs, and each renewed a mutual ſorrow occaſioned by that of the other; it ſeemed as if all the natural ſelf-love of the human mind

was

was increaſed in theſe two perſons, but that each was intruſted with the portion belonging to the other; the conteſt was not which ſhould gain moſt, but which ſhould concede moſt, and nothing could be ſo real or ſo endearing, as the mutual confidence which each repoſed in the other. Ah, Sephronia! can I thus have tormented thee, ſaid Lucullus; ah Lucullus, ſaid ſhe, can I have been thus unworthy! name not the word, ſaid he, if thou would'ſt not wound the ſoul that lives but for thee. My faults ſaid ſhe.——Name them not, I cannot bear the ſound, name them not my dear Sophonia, as thou loveſt my being.—Lucullus was aſhamed, confounded, and ſhocked; he conſidered every conſtitutional caſt, every bent, every diſpoſition of Sophonia as ſo much cæleſtial perfection, nay the very things he had wiſhed a little changed in her character, became ſuddenly perfections in his eyes, and claſping his dear Sophronia in his arms, I loved thee, ſaid he, for thy perfections, I adore thee, be they real or imaginary, for thy imperfections.

THERE are ſometimes beauties in a character which would never have appeared but for a defect, and defects which would never have appeared but for a beauty.

WERE the hunter, the ſhooter, the politician, the virtuoſo, to learn exactly what part of his pleaſure was produced by, the hunting, the ſhooting, the politics, and the *virtû*, he would perhaps be much ſurprized: were the collateral ſprings of pleaſure cut off how ſtrangely might his keenneſs abate!

LOVE, like many other things, has its contraries; it dies away, and it lives for ever.

COURAGE is oftener allied to vice, than cowardice to virtue.

WE are generally obliging and ſerviceable to others in proportion as they do not want the favour.

IT is not how great or good your underſtanding or mind, any more than how pure the metal of your coin; it is whether they are admitted as current ſtandard by others that will be worth your conſideration.

WHEN

When we are very young we ſuppoſe a certain taſte, a certain ſenſibility in others which, in fact, is only in our own minds; when old, we do not always ſuppoſe even that taſte and ſenſibility in others which they really have.

Uncommon good ſenſe bears no proportion in value with common good ſenſe.

What are ſo different as ſenſuality and ſentiment? and yet how often is the former miſtaken for the latter!

If the world likes you at all, deſpiſe it, and it will like you a great deal.

It is a rule liable, I fear, to very few exceptions, that a popular man is either a groveling man or an artful one.

If we were to judge of great application to the improvement of the underſtanding by the example of many men, we ſhould ſay that man loſt ground in the *practice* of ſenſe in proportion as he had advanced in the *theory* of it.

If no man was to be allowed to cenſure an exceſs in another, who was himſelf guilty of the contrary one, what a ſudden dearth of moraliſts and critics ſhould we have in the world!

It is well known, and not at all ſtrange, that if you are about to learn to dance of a good maſter, you had better not have learnt to dance at all than of a bad one: is not this equally true with reſpect to the improvements of the mind?

There may be two pictures of the ſame perſon, one handſome, the other ugly, and yet both like the original: it is the ſame thing in the accounts we have of men and things: let us then "with caution truſt them."

How far Lothario's poetical picture of Gratiana and that beautiful group her ſelect companions may have flattered them, I will not pretend to ſay; that equal beauty may poſſibly be found in nature I will venture to advance, and I moſt ſincerely wiſh it was leſs rare. Lothario gallantly tells Gratiana that he

will not attempt to deſcribe her without the aſſiſtance that has been granted to celebrate leſs worthy ſubjects, and for this aſſiſtance he immediately addreſſes himſelf to the Muſe. Come then, ſays Lothario,

Come then, my muſe, oh! come along,
Leave far behind vain fiction's throng;
Let truth alone thy ſteps attend,
And rhime for once be reaſon's friend.
Exact, thy lov'lieſt dyes prepare,
There dip, and paint her character;
Deſcribe that dignity with eaſe,
And all thoſe nat'ral charms that pleaſe,
Superior to th' affected art,
Which deigns to play a borrow'd part;
Whoſe ſtudied words, on ſhining bent,
Conceal ſelf-love in compliment.
Deſcribe her nobly diff'rent aim,
Whoſe wiſh ſupreme, declining fame,
Would lib'ral give with hand unknown,
And hide, while ſhe beſtows the boon.

Attend, my muſe, thoſe fav'rite hours, *
When gladneſs all around ſhe pours,

* Her Suppers.

And, like the ſun's enliv'ning rays,
Improves whate'er her eye ſurveys;
With fancy's magic wand inſpires,
Delightful mirth and gay deſires;
The charm ſtill ſpreading far and nigh,
Till all is joy and harmony:
O! quit not this delightful ſcene,
But guide my hand, my muſe, unſeen;
Deſcribe that luxury of mind,
(By heav'n to ſocial man conſign'd!)
When each glad breaſt dilating gives,
The joy it mutually receives;
Whether in rational diſcourſe,
Diſcov'ring truth's remoteſt ſource,
Or yielding in the ſportive hour,
To mirth and wit's indulgent pow'r;
Free to enjoy, no ſorrow nigh,
The rapt'rous gifts of pleaſantry:
Thoſe rapt'rous gifts the moments bring,
And lightly paſs on ſilken wing,
Renewing ſtill, and ſtill enjoy'd,
Each ſenſe poſſeſſing, never cloy'd!
Ev'n folly, in its place is made,
Leſs the diſgrace of life than ſhade;
And give me, fortune, long to uſe
The toy that can ſo well amuſe!

Let

Let various converſe charm the ſoul,
And gay good-humour crown the whole:
Preſiding, brillant be ſhe ſeen,
Of the gay court herſelf the queen:
Above the pride of mean pretence,
And gracious from ſuperior ſenſe:
Hum'rous, yet never low, nor loud;
A wit——yet always underſtood.

Now all her aid let muſic lend,
Of love and beauty both the friend.

To tender ſounds attune the lay,
And beauties yet unſeen diſplay;
Let pow'rful ſtrains her heart controul,
And to the features call the ſoul;
Give to the cheek a warmer glow,
New luſtre on thoſe eyes beſtow,
Give ev'ry glance to ſpeak, to mean,
And let e'en thought itſelf be ſeen;
Let ſighs that riſe, and tears that flow,
Derive a grace from others' woe.

And ſhall the loves in exile pine?
The loves alone that breaſt reſign?
Thoſe features want one abſent grace,
Which only love can give the face?
That heart one bliſs, the beſt we know,
Which only love vouchſafes below?

Forbid it heav'n!—my muſe employ
Your utmoſt pow'r to aid the boy,
Direct his ſhaft, her breaſt prepare,
And fix it, deeply fix it, there!
But, as the ſhaft, the paſſion guide,
Its object let your care provide,
To me her fated heart incline;
If love deſerves, deſert is mine.

WHAT a weapon is ridicule againſt folly and falſhood!—but may not ridicule be employed alſo againſt wiſdom and truth? RIDICULE IS THAT SPECIES OF WIT WHICH PROVOKES LAUGHTER, and that which provokes laughter in one man, will not always provoke laughter in another: one man may ſee the ſubject that you ridicule in a light that favours your purpoſe, of making it ridiculous; another in a light that may totally diſappoint it; and truth being miſtaken for falſhood by the erroneous mind, that mind may be provoked to laugh at truth. But, miſtaking its own peculiar error for truth, it cannot be provoked to laugh at that error though others may. TO BE RIDICULOUS IS TO BE WORTHY OF LAUGHTER; and

moſt

moſt certainly truth and wiſdom are *not ridiculous*; but though they do not *deſerve* laughter, they may *excite* it: there was nothing that *deſerved* laughter in Æſop's chooſing the burden of bread which was heavier than any other, yet it *excited* the laughter of his fellow-ſlaves who were not able to ſee the action in its *true* light, and did not conſider that as the bread would be conſumed upon the road, Æſop upon the whole of the journey would carry leſs than they, though at the beginning he carried more. It does therefore by no means follow, that becauſe truth is *not ridiculous*, ridicule *is* the teſt of truth; for there is great difference between making a fool laugh at truth, and making truth ridiculous. Do not moſt diſputes on this ſubject ſeem to have ariſen from neglecting to make theſe diſtinctions?

Away ye laughers, your mirth wounds me, your gaiety makes me ſorrowful; you think Sophron ridiculous, I reſpect him; and truſt me, the oppreſſion and mockery of innocence is ſo far from exciting my laughter, that it awakens every tender emo-

tion of kindneſs, and heightens every ſentiment of delicacy and generoſity. I confeſs that Sophron's dreſs is different from yours and out of faſhion; he is ignorant of the things that you delight in: I ſee it; but remember, the reproach of man is not ignorance but pretenſion: Sophron is ignorant, but then he is unpretending: you are partially knowing and ſelf-ſatiſfied. Yes, that very mirth which you think expoſes his defects, really proves your own. Sophron is a man of buſineſs, nature form'd him honeſt and complacent, and when ſhe refuſed him that poignant vivacity, that luſtre of taſte and elegance with which ſhe has enriched ſome ſouls, ſhe gave an ample recompenſe for the deficiency, ſhe beſtowed upon him the modeſty of non-pretenſion, and the candour of uprightneſs. He faithfully purſues the courſe nature has directed, he fills his duty of life, he acts his part irreproachably: as he feels no attraction to thoſe pleaſures which are ſo dear to others, ſo he candidly and rationally concludes that he has no merit in not purſuing them, and is cautious of condemning what thoſe only to whom they are

ſo

ſo dear can rightly comprehend. Real diſhoneſty is alone odious to Sophron, it is oppoſite to his nature, and therefore cannot coincide with it: he is ſo juſt in his dealings that his promiſe is equal to every poſſible tie of obligation or ſelf-intereſt. It is true that he is very ignorant of many of the graces of ſociety, he is deficient in the rules of good breeding, and to the undiſcerning and indelicate, his deficiency may ſometimes appear ridiculous; but then the eye of true penetration will ſee far enough to examine the ſecret the remote ſources of theſe deficiencies, and will diſcover that none of them ariſe from pride, hatred, or malevolence, and therefore *are not juſtly the objects of ridicule.* No, tho' the whole world ſhould laugh at Sophron, Sophron would *not be ridiculous.*

IT is a miſtake to imagine that libertiniſm in women muſt proceed from too much ſenſibility; it proceeds very often, I believe, from too little.

IT is unhappy for both parties when there are neither ſo few charms as to make us break a connection, nor ſo many

as

as to make us keep it up with ſatiſfaction.

I KNOW not whether actual diſhoneſty may not ſometimes be nearer allied to exalted virtue, than actual honeſty.

GENEROSITY would act oftener if ſhe was oftener truſted: and what a ſtriking proof of it does lord Clarendon give us in the inſtance of lord Digby's diſcovering himſelf to Sir J. Hotham!

WHAT a nicety, what a care, what an attention to every circumſtance of a caſe which is regularly laid before you as a judge: what precipitation, what confidence, in the deciſion of a caſe that is *not* laid before you as a judge.

TO walk well, you muſt ſee well; to act well, muſt you not judge well?—— what fruits then are we to expect from a perverted underſtanding! and who will advance that ſenſe is not the guide to virtue?

A PENETRATING man is a man of whom his acquaintance will every now and then ſay, they wonder that one who generally

generally talks like a man of ſenſe ſhould advance ſo great an abſurdity.

WHAT crouds of people to whom it would be the greateſt paradox, that a fine voice is not the firſt requiſite for a fine ſinger; and fine features not the firſt requiſite for true beauty.

PREJUDICE and lunacy have certainly very different *cauſes*, but I think in *effect* they are the ſame: the madman will talk rationally on all ſubjects except that which has a particular connection with his malady; and the prejudiced man will talk irrationally on the ſubject that is connected with his prejudice; ſo that, if I muſt diſtinguiſh prejudice from lunacy, I can only ſay, that prejudice is a perverſion of the underſtanding which is more difficult to be cured.

A GOOD heart is the *ſine qua non* of true agreeableneſs; but true agreeableneſs is by no means the neceſſary conſequence of a good heart.

HE who commits an offence may not only be ſaid to deſerve all the blame of his

his own act, but great part of the blame which another's reſentment of it may incur, becauſe of this reſentment alſo he is the original cauſe.

IT may be thought a paradox, yet I believe it is a truth, that the application to reaſon by argument is, of all other methods, the leaſt likely to convince men of an error, and produce a change in their opinion. Arguments are oppoſed by a kind of inſtinctive impulſe, and the mind neceſſarily fortifies itſelf in exerting its utmoſt force to reſiſt an attack. But if you laugh at the abſurdity, and treat it with an air of ſuperiority and neglect, as the attack is not made by reaſon, the defence will not be attempted by ſophiſtry: the mind will of courſe become willing to relinquiſh an opinion that expoſes it to ridicule, and will then naturally conſider it with impartiality; nay, it will even be induced to give that up as indefenſible, which is treated as unworthy of a ſerious confutation. Thus the moſt natural and obvious place to aſſault a town is the gate,

yet the beſt forces are always collected there for its defence: ſome ſkilful commanders therefore have ſometimes ſucceeded by making the attack at a place leſs apparently fit to enter at, but where there was leſs preparation for defence.

I SEE you are flattered, I ſee you are pleaſed, Lycæus; yet believe me, Amelia only took you in her way; all thoſe pretty airs, all that coquettry was only meant to diſplay and exhauſt itſelf. Do you know, Lycæus, that Amelia diſputed with me the day after you ſaw her that it was Cleon ſhe had converſed with, not Lycæus.

AVARO is one of thoſe neceſſary evils called a pains-taking, fortune-getting, fortune-deſtroying man of buſineſs; one who does not admit the *ſi poſſis bene* into his *credo*. He amaſſes gold, he ſnatches it from the bags of the rich, he extracts it even from indigence itſelf, and then rolls himſelf in the precious heap. He is a true digger of gold, a toiler, a mole that works under ground in the dark; who hates the light and ſees not in it. His *ſummum bonum* is muddling

dling in parchments, in the offals of dulneſs and taſtleſsneſs. Talk to Avaro of generous raptures, ſocial endearments, and exquiſite and reciprocal delight which is enjoyed only in proportion as it is communicated, and your language will be as unintelligible to Avaro as that of an inhabitant of Saturn would be to you. Avaro riſes from bed almoſt with his pen in his hand, and quits it only to lye down and dream of it; he wears his night-gown both morning and afternoon, ſo that you would believe, whenever you went to ſee him, that he had that day taken phyſick. He will almoſt perſuade you to believe with the Mahometans, that ſome of the human ſpecies have no ſouls. But if indeed Avaro has a ſoul, how different is it from that of lovely Camilla, or noble Phormio! Avaro knows Phormio, and ſays, ſhaking his head, Phormio is a young man, I have a poor opinion of him, he knows very little of buſineſs.

I DINED the other day with Phryne, and I have hardly ſeen any thing ſo ſentimental, ſo ſoft, and ſo refined as herſelf, and every thing that was about her: ſome people might, perhaps, ſay of the whole that it

was

was *Outré*, but poſſibly they might have no taſte for what they preſumed to cenſure: her houſe was the very pink of elegance: her chairs, her tables, her glaſſes, her picture-frames, and above all, her Sofa, was Chineſe: deliciouſly Chineſe! there was a certain languor that accompanied every thing ſhe ſaid; ſhe profeſſed againſt every thing that was boiſterous, and for every thing that was ſentimental. She had been formerly accuſed, perhaps maliciouſly, of ſome affairs in which ſhe had mixed ſomething ſomewhat groſs and material with what was ſpiritual and refined: but even ſuppoſing this imputation to be true, ſhe is now moſt dyingly ſentimental, exceſſively refined, I had almoſt ſaid romantic in her religion; ſo ſpiritual that ſhe ſeems already to have diveſted herſelf of all terreſtrial ideas. Diveſted herſelf? her houſe then—her Sofa, her—? true, ſhe indulges herſelf in thoſe innocent, thoſe mental amuſements, and why not? do they not aſſiſt her in the exerciſe and improvement of her mind? for here ſhe now acquires all the delicacy of ſentiment that books, or refined converſation can beſtow, and ſhe

wants

wants not the influence of either. The poor deluded groſs multitude ſay, that Phryne is ridiculous, that the ſame romantic turn, the ſame weakneſs of mind, in every reſpect the ſame ſpirit which was formerly diſplay'd upon lovers and operas, has, now the beſt of the lovers are gone, run up into this elevated purity. They ſay too, that ſhe is on the high-road to Methodiſm, and will in a ſhort time,—perhaps, by the firſt ſummer days—arrive at it; and indeed as to myſelf, I muſt confeſs, I perceived ſomething of a contradiction in Phryne: alas! who among us is without? She was moſt exemplary and indeed elevated in her diſcourſe; the purity of ſeraphic love, the divine excellence of virtue, and the horrid deformity of ſenſuality and vice were her everlaſting topics. Alas! from what an humble diſtance did I look up to the cœleſtial Phryne! and yet I obſerved that a poor lady, a relation who was ſupported by her charity,—according to her wicked enemies by her pride—was often reminded of her ſituation, and uſed pretty cavalierly; this I confeſs did appear to me a contradiction.

How

How difficult to follow is the line of truth with the greateſt perſpicacity of wiſdom and virtue, what then with the blindneſs of prejudice and ſelf-intereſt? The man you blindfold and bid walk ſtraight an hundred yards, will probably be much ſurpriſed to find himſelf ſo ſtrangely wide of his intended mark, as he certainly will be when the bandage is taken off his eyes; and ſhould not we, think you, be ſurpriſed to find how wide we are of that line of truth if our bandage was taken off? But how diſſimilar are the two caſes! in the firſt, the bandage is put on by another, and the man expects to be *a little* wide of the ſtraight path, but in the laſt, we put it on ourſelves, and expect to walk *perfectly true*. Nay, ſtrange imagination! we begin by putting on this bandage, and then believe we have it not on; we chuſe to go in the dark, and, like Lord Peter ſwearing his loaf was a ſhoulder of mutton, we ſwear we have nothing at all on our eyes, that we ſee perfectly well and damn heartily all thoſe that contradict us.

FONTINELLE I remember ſays ſomewhere, " Non ſeulement nous n'avons pas

" en nous des principes qui menent au " vrai, mais nous en avons auſſi qui " s'accomodent du faux," but what if inſtead of *faux* his word had been *contradictoire !*

HAVE you any thing to ſay to the world or to any part of it? be quick or perhaps you will be too late and never ſay it.

YOU may fail ſhining, in the opinion of others, both in your converſation and actions, from being ſuperior, as well as inferior, to them.

THOUGH beauty is with the moſt apt ſimilitude, I had almoſt ſaid with the moſt literal truth, called a flower that fades and dies almoſt in the very moment of its maturity; yet there is methinks a kind of beauty which lives even to old age; a beauty that is not *in* the features, but, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, *ſhines through them.* As it is not merely *corporeal* it is not the object of mere *ſenſe*, nor is it to be diſcovered but by perſons of true taſte and refined ſentiment. There are ſtrokes of ſenſibility, nice touches of delicacy, ſenſe, and even virtue,

virtue, which like the maſter traits in a fine picture are not to be diſcerned by vulgar eyes that are captivated with vivid colours and gaudy decorations. There are emanations of the mind, which like the vital ſpark of cœleſtial fire, animate the *form* of beauty with a *living ſoul.* Without this, the moſt perfect ſymetry in the bloom of youth is but a "kneaded clod," and with this, the features that time itſelf has defaced, have a ſpirit, a ſenſibility, an inexpreſſible charm which thoſe only do not admire who want faculties to perceive.

It has often been ſaid, that the beauties of the mind are valuable becauſe they are more laſting than thoſe of the body; but I do not remember to have heard it ſaid, that the beauties of the mind are valuable becauſe they make thoſe of the body more laſting.

They who have no idea of the charms of ſolitude, will, I believe, have but an imperfect one of the raptures of ſociety.

Yes, ſaid Publius, I ſay ſolitude. I underſtand you, you approve a little of it

ſometimes, a ſingle friend in a contemplative retirement, which I call a milder ſociety, and ſo do I too: but I ſay I love ſolitude, abſolute ſolitude——well—I can't help it.—The word and the idea fright you, you beg to be excuſed, you deſire not to be left more than a few minutes to no other company than your own ruminations, and when I talk of the charms of this horror, you ſtart with amazement; you cannot conceive how I can delight in a total abſence from the endearments of a pleaſing company of people, ſhooting away from "the human face "divine," and wandering with penſive and ſolitary ſteps, to the deepeſt and moſt ſequeſtered part of pathleſs woods; believe then the novelty upon the word of a friend, and learn that this is ſometimes one of my moſt delicious ſatisfactions; but do you then really never think? yes ſay you, very often. But how, and how far? Do you ever ſeek and purſue truth? examine, compare, divide, ſuſpect your own ideas? do you look for what IS? you do? I will not contradict it, and yet believe me, they who ſay they do, nay, they who believe

lieve they do, are often ſtrangely miſtaken; prejudice, pride, and ſelf-love, are moſt deluding ſyrens which are always at hand, ready to detain the unwary traveller, and few eſcape them, whether it be that their curioſity to follow truth is weak, or that they are weary of a journey which affords them little entertainment. But you ſay you liſten not to them, and neither will I contradict this. But do you indeed feel that ſuperior ſatisfaction, that more than earthly ſenſation which thrills in my breaſt, when I give a looſe to the ardour of imagination, and towering above all terreſtrial ideas pierce into the regions of reality farther, and farther ſtill, till I have quite forgot that I am a frail mortal ſtanding in a lone wood, and fettered by every ſublunary attachment which I had juſt deſpiſed and forgotten? even while I ſpeak the ſacred impulſe throbs within me, reflection riſes upon reflection, and I will indulge them. What is true! what is falſe! what am I? what have I been? what ſhall I be? what has been told me about theſe things? let me not regard it—let me weigh TRUTH in a juſt balance, and

hold the ſcale for myſelf. Yes! I rejoice in my lone thoughts, I rejoice in all the boundleſs variety of nature; not a buſh, a blade, a twig that ſhoots on the green earth, not a ray of that animating fire which ſtreams from above, but fills my ſoul with ſatisfaction. I participate in ſilence the joys of ſurrounding nature, which riſe in uniſon with my own; nature correſponding with congenial nature!—with thee, O ſacred ſolitude! the noiſe and tumult of the diſtant world, is heard but as the buz of an inſect-nation that floats upon the breeze, a ſound which is deſpiſed by man as a ſuperior being, and forgotten as ſoon as it ceaſes to be heard. I am lifted up from this globe of earth, and ſee it roll huge and rapid at my feet, ſee it mingled with its fellow-planets, taking its mechanic round, with all its toiling ſwarms upon it, encircled with clouds that falſhood colours with a thouſand dyes, now obſcured by the glooms of ignorance, now enlightened with the oblique rays of opinion, which the deluded multitude miſtake for knowledge——I ſee it all——yes, I ſee it ſo as almoſt to realize the viſion; and, believe

lieve me, that very vigour of fancy which carries us beyond the precincts of this world, can alone give us the moſt elegant and lively perception of thoſe ſocial raptures that are ſometimes found in it.

HIPPIAS is one of thoſe gay young gentlemen who is called very lively and agreeable; he has a little ſmattering of every thing, and enjoys nothing; he loves an opera, plays himſelf upon the harpſichord, and the moſt light and trivial paſſages of muſic are conſtantly his favourites; thoſe that have a deeper meaning he rejects as dull and ſpiritleſs, ſtill declaring for *mirth* even in his muſic. Nay, if you were to aſk his opinion about the deepeſt, as well as the fineſt tragedy that Shakeſpear ever wrote, his word would certainly be, that it was very *pretty* tragedy. All ſolitude, you may be ſure, he deteſts, becauſe he deteſts all thought; nor is it poſſible to make him comprehend that the ſame cauſe which produces this indiſpoſition to ſolitude, produces alſo an incapacity to enjoy the beſt pleaſures of ſociety. Hippias is a kind of beau, he loves the

town, gaiety, dreſs; and little does he ſuſpect that he enjoys neither; his equipage, ſervants, and living are all ill underſtood; and if he could be made to conceive for a moment the peculiar niceties and refinements of which each is capable, he would be compelled to confeſs that even in his favouritie amuſements he had wanted all that was worth having. He is indeed always *merry*, but he was never *happy*; and if you *know how to laugh* he will almoſt make you *cry*. But he loves the ladies; yes, but what ladies? and how far does he love them? not one meaning grace ever broke in upon the ſoul of Hippias! oh! but he is gallant!——yes, he is an excellent ſportſman in gallantry; he loves the chaſe—he deſires not the death.

It is ſometimes happy to have done wrong, I mean when we have ſeized the opportunity of acknowledging it: and I know not whether that very offence which is ſo deſtructive to common connections may not ſtrengthen ſuch as have reaſon and true delicacy for their baſis;

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as the very place where a bone has been broken and well ſet, if the conſtitution is good, becomes ſtronger than any other part.

CASUAL diſagreements have been conſidered as ſprings that give new force to love; and I believe they are ſo. Yet as a ſpring too frequently or too forcibly uſed, remains at the place to which it is drawn back inſtead of flying forwards; ſo lovers will find that diſagreements, if they are too frequent, will at length loſe their elaſticity and impel to love no more.

THERE ſeems to be ſomething ſatisfactory reſulting from almoſt every thing that is deficient in human nature, and it is in a certain nice perception of that ſatisfaction, methinks, that all the endearing refinements of ſociety conſiſt: there are a thouſand little and undefinable delicacies in our converſation, our looks, and even geſtures, which mutually require to be underſtood and returned. Nay, there are little indulgencies which the well diſpoſed and well conceiving mind feels

a want to beſtow as well as to receive, and will be uneaſy and diſatisfied till an opportunity offers to do it, and hence that firſt of concerts the play and harmony of according minds.

EXTREMITIES meet; It ſeems difficult therefore to pronounce whether the ſtateſman at the top of the world, or the plough-man at the bottom labours hardeſt.

I HAVE often thought that though dreſs may juſtly be called a trivial thing in itſelf, yet that it deſerved more the conſideration of a Philoſopher than is generally imagined, as being no inconſiderable or unfaithful index of the mind. Thoſe who ſee accurately will certainly diſcover a connection between many particulars in a man's dreſs, and his peculiar diſpoſition, temper, and turn of thought, ſuppoſing his dreſs to be the choice of his own taſte, and that he has not implicitly conformed to the manner of others which muſt be firſt well conſidered; and after all, a great variety of particulars muſt be examined before a certain judgment can be made, for there is ſuch a thing

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as being above dreſs, (in general or particular) and being equal to it and being below it. However, a diſcerning eye will very often diſcover ſtrong indications of character in dreſs, and it ſeems as if the ſame principle that directs a man in the cloathing of his body, directs him alſo in the furniſhing not only his houſe but his mind.

If you ever met with Traſimond, you certainly met with dirt in conjunction with embroidery, and ſhew without taſte. He generally wears a coat that is pretty nearly covered with gold or ſilver, and provided the colour, the little colour that appears, be *a flaming one*, that's all he cares for. He very ſeldom waſhes his hands or face, or cleans his teeth, or commits any other cleanly act; and indeed were he to clean himſelf ever ſo much, he would *look* at leaſt almoſt as dirty as if he did not; for his complexion happens to be black and white, and yellow, and it is much ſet off by a huge white bag-wig, white in its natural colour, and white by being loaded with powder. If other people tie their bags

bags low, it is more than probable that Traſimond's will be above his poll, and if their wigs are dreſſed ſhort, his will hang upon his ſhoulders. Not that Traſimond affects this, he does it naturally: not a duck goes more by inſtinct into water, than Traſimond into whatever happens to be wrong. Traſimond is ſcarce twenty eight years old, but for any advantage his perſon or character receives from that delightful age, he might juſt as well be one hundred and twenty eight: Thus ſay the women, and I believe them; he ſeems to prove that youth charms us leſs merely as youth, than by the manner with which it is ſet off. But Traſimond's mind is all of a piece, and the falſe taſte which he manifeſts at ſo great an expence in his dreſs, he manifeſts in every thing elſe. If he hums a tune, depend upon it, it will be without meaning or feeling, or elſe, that both will be expreſſed in the wrong place. If he reads to you he will always ſtop wrong, place the emphaſis wrong, and very likely pronounce wrong. If he gives an entertainment you may ſafely conclude

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before-hand that every one of his innumerable and enormous diſhes will be dreſs'd, what the French call, *a la diable.* I met Traſimond the other day in his chariot; it was of a ſtrange ſhape, painted of a naſty blue, and gilt with a ginger-bread gilding; his horſes were ugly, lean and dirty, but their natural colour was white, and they had long tails: the coachman, I remembered to have been his under gardiner, and the footman was an old fat Blackamoor. Traſimond was dreſſed in a tawdry green coat bedaub'd all over with ſilver; his great white periwig covered his head; that part of his perſon which had no other covering was covered with dirt; and as he ſtept out, I obſerved he had dirty white thread-ſtockings on. He is bow-leg'd, and ſquat in his figure, and as he waddled along he ſeemed to be a very odd kind of creature—ſomething between a man and a Parrot.

STRANGE and melancholy reflection, Milton lay half a century mixed with all the ſenſeleſs writers of the times, neglected and deſpiſed; Moliere's and Congreve's beſt plays were condemned, while many paultry performances

formances were extolled by men whoſe underſtandings are eſteemed to be of the firſt claſs! Oh man, thou reaſonable creature! which way doſt thou ſhew thy reaſon? but, ſay you, no ſuch abſurdity can juſtly be imputed to me or to Hillarius or to Timoleon; perhaps not; but ſuppoſe it might, do you think that you would be leſs inclined to truſt Hillarius or Timoleon or yourſelf afterwards? and do you really think that the *ſame creature* will not be liable to act in the *ſame manner* at *all times?* Yes, believe me, call man a prejudiced creature, or an inconſiſtent creature, but never a rational creature, or a conſiſtent one.

So diſtinct in man are character and reaſon, that we are often urged by reaſon to laugh at ridiculous things, in the character even of ourſelves. This puts me in mind of having ſeen unmix'd in the ſame glaſs, two liquors of different colours.

THERE are, methinks, two ſorts of underſtandings, one naturally and almoſt mechanically comprehends two objects at once, the effect and the cauſe, and is diſſatisfied with

the firſt, whatever it be, till it ſees the ſecond. The other ſees only the firſt, and ſeeks not, wants not, to ſee the ſecond: the laſt of theſe underſtandings may ſee truth oftener than the firſt, but the firſt will certainly miſtake falſhood for truth ſeldomer.

We judge of others from ourſelves; ſource of knowledge! ſource of error!

It by no means follows, that becauſe two men utter the ſame words they have preciſely the ſame idea which they mean to expreſs; language is inadequate to the variety of ideas which are conceived by different minds, and which could they be expreſſed, would produce a new variety of characteriſtic differences between man and man; from this deficiency of language flow innumerable miſtakes, for when I tell you ſuch a thing was pleaſing or diſpleaſing, delicate or indelicate, proper or improper, and ſo in a great or a little degree, there are no words that peculiarly belong to my ideas, which though they may be *generically* the ſame with yours, may be *ſpecifically* different, and hence perhaps you may give

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me credit for taſtes which I poſſeſs either not at all, or very imperfectly; would not this conſideration be worth attending to, and might it not be of uſe to us if we could conſtantly carry it about us to be ready whilſt we read or hear?

NOTHING is more manifeſt than that there is a *certain equality* to which all men have a natural right, unleſs it be their meanneſs in giving it up.

CLARA aims at the character of one of our impertinent fine ladies; ſhe has handſome features without true beauty, but is really capricious, ignorant and inſolent; nay Clara is not a good actreſs of the vile part ſhe has choſen for herſelf; her airs are not of the firſt kind: I ſee others indeed are of a different opinion, but I think ſhe plays imperfectly what I too would admire as good acting were it ſuch: but ſee the court, the attention, the homage of thoſe crowds of ſervile wretches, all encouraging the not leſs mean Clara in her overbearing impertinence! and is it poſſible not to moralize, not to be ſhocked at ſo general a manifeſtation of abjectneſs, innate abject-

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neſs of the human ſpecies? though you ſhould offer your proteſt what will your ſingle oppoſition avail againſt this multitude? you ſpeak to Clara, ſhe either anſwers you or not, juſt as whim or the place you happen to be in prompts her; if you bow to her ſhe is very capable of ſtaring you in the face and not returning you the compliment, or of doing even worſe by returning it in ſuch a manner as ſhall render even her civility an impertinence; and if you bow to her again ſhe will do the ſame, nay and ſhe will then do right, for then you will certainly deſerve it. Clara talks louder and longer than any perſon in her company, and the want of freedom is ſupplied by impudence, of dignity by inſolence, and of gracefulneſs by confidence; ſhe has no parts; but her own forwardneſs, and the mean encouragement of others, give her ſomething that has ſometimes an appearance of them, for as ſhe talks inceſſantly and fearleſsly, ſhe ſometimes ſtumbles upon combinations of thought which are not without propriety and connection. There are many proofs of the ſtrange diviſibility of matter, Clara will give you a

proof of the ſtrange diviſibility of thought; for after ſhe has talk'd almoſt inceſſantly for three hours, I'll engage that you ſhall ſay every thing you can recollect of her diſcourſe in three minutes: Clara is however in great faſhion, and have I not given ſufficient reaſons for her being ſo? Silia admires Clara beyond expreſſion, but Silia was not born to be of her ſet, and ſhe is too low, too deſirous to get into it, ever to ſucceed; nothing can be more curious than the commerce between Clara and Silia; while one exerciſes every ſuperiority which the advantages I have ennumerated ſo fairly beſtow, the other exerciſes every inferiority the diſadvantages of her ſituation as neceſſarily imply; but Silia's great principle is perſeverance; condeſcending perſeverance; ſhe is quite a female philoſopher, no ſlight ſours or mortifies her, and the favour of one minute amply atones for the neglect of many days; Clara triumphs with all the deſpotiſm of an Eaſtern monarch, and Silia obeys with all the ſervility of an Eaſtern ſubject; it is quite curious to ſee this pair ſo different and ſo like; yes, if nature or fate had changed their ſituations, you may without

trial

trial ſwear, that Silia would have been Clara, and Clara Silia.

To ſay with La Rochefoucault, that "in the adverſity of our beſt friends "there is ſomething that does not "diſpleaſe us;" and to ſay, that in the proſperity of our beſt friends there is ſomething that does not pleaſe us, ſeems to be the ſame thing; yet, I believe, the firſt is falſe, and the latter true.

It does not follow that of two men he who acts worſt has the worſt heart, or the contrary. There are men, methinks, whoſe ill-actions we might rather pity than blame; as there are men whoſe good actions we rather do not blame than poſſitively commend. Some men poſſeſs numberleſs perfections, which, if one ſingle impediment, one obſtructing imperfection was removed, would, like water guſhing from a rich ſpring, not only adorn, but fertilize all around them. There are others whoſe apparent good qualities, reſtrained by no ſingle impediment, flow into many ſtreams

and fetch a wide compaſs, but the ſpring whence they are derived being poor, the water is of little uſe, and therefore can have beauties only to thoſe who are deceived by its appearance, and are ſtrangers to its nature.

THERE is a ſhort and eaſy method with things which we do not taſte or comprehend: Condemning them: and if this method is not univerſally adopted let us at leaſt do juſtice to mankind, and acknowledge that the reaſon is by no means our diſapprobation of it, but the inconvenience which ſometimes would ariſe from the practiſe of it.

I HAVE long remarked, that the firſt movement of the mind, at leaſt of the little mind, on ſeeing any piece of literature is to condemn; and that commendation is at beſt but the ſecond, and generally only an echo of the commendation of others: but I cannot help thinking that what the little mind thus condemns aloud, it ſecretly approves, perhaps admires, and condemns even for that reaſon; that it approves and admires, ſeems to be the neceſſary conſequenc

quence of diſcovering an effect of an underſtanding ſuperior to its own, and that it condemns, ſeems to be as neceſſary a conſequence of an unwillingneſs to allow a merit to others which it cannot claim for itſelf; for it will readily be allowed, that there are few literary performances which nine in ten of thoſe who condemn do not feel themſelves unable to have produced: thus then theſe little minds conclude, and perhaps not always without reaſon, that what they withhold from another they gain for themſelves.

Honour may perhaps be defined honeſty, and ſomething more; *Diſcernment*, ſenſe, and ſomething more; *Candour*, impartiality, and ſomething more; *Taſte*, knowledge, and ſomething more; *Generoſity*, equity, and ſomething more; *Delicacy*, generoſity and ſomething more. But if the things themſelves are rare, what would the ſtrange man think of the world whoſe meaſure of rectitude ſhould be taken from theſe *ſomethings more!*

A good *ear* for muſick, and a *taſte* for muſick, are two very different things which

are often confounded; and ſo is *comprehending* and *enjoying* every object of ſenſe and ſentiment.

THERE are three kinds of returns for injuries; abject ſubmiſſion, ſevere retaliation, and contemptuous diſregard. The firſt is always the worſt, and the laſt generally the beſt; yet however different they may be in themſelves, the dignity of the laſt is ſo much ſuperior to common conceptions, that you may perhaps be forced upon the ſecond, purely to prove that you did not ſtoop to the firſt.

MENALCAS is call'd an œconomiſt, and when he is to give, it is a rule with him that it ſhall always be a little *under* what it ought to be; Gremio is not called an œconomiſt, and when he is to give, it is a rule with him that it ſhall always be a little *above* what it need be. Why does one or the other give at all? certainly in order to do themſelves juſt honour, and preſerve their own credit and reputation; is Menalcas then, or Gremio the œconomiſt?

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THE firſt thing the enamel painter has to do, is to prepare his plate for the reception of the colours he is to lay upon it. It will be of little conſequence how well he draws, or how beautifully he blends his tints, if the leaſt part of that preparation is omitted, and it will be found that the ſucceſs of his art, depended much more on the diſpoſition of the ſubject than the power of his agency. Does not this caſe of the painter illuſtrate that of the moraliſt? how much more depends upon the diſpoſition of thoſe that hear, than upon the abilities of him that ſpeaks!

I SCARCE know any thing ſo ridiculous as a literary diſpute: each party is perfectly convinced that he is in the right, and attacks the other with arguments which ſeem unanſwerable and irreſiſtible to himſelf, but for the ſame reaſon have no effect upon his antagoniſt; for both are ſo far from weighing the allegations that make againſt themſelves, that they do not attend enough to them to know their purport: thus each combatant attacks the very place that is

covered by prejudice with impenetrable armour, and is therefore invulnerable: each wearies himſelf with ſtriking, and each is aſtoniſhed that his blows are not felt. D——n the blockhead, ſays he, he is as inſenſible as a ſtone; you may as well beat a ſtockfiſh, or make paſſes againſt a brick wall.

You blame men for being offended at criticiſms on their performances, but if you expect me to blame them too, ſhew me at leaſt the critic who has been delicate enough to attack the work without the leaſt attack on the author.

I know nothing that ſo clearly proves the arbitrarineſs of our ideas of handſome and ugly, of right and wrong, as faſhion; nor any thing which ſhows in ſo ſtrong a light how little the proof of handſome and ugly, right and wrong, from the unvarying principles of truth and nature, is followed by its juſt conſequences.

We know almoſt every thing rather by its accidental than its eſſential qualities, and therefore are ſo often deceived by appear-

appearances and ſo often encourage appearances to deceive us: the keen man at play ſinks his winnings, and magnifies his loſings, and practiſes twenty other little artifices which though not eſſential to his character as a keen man at play, are yet the only marks by which that character is generally known; the ſhrewd jockey is continually making myſteries when there is nothing to conceal; the politician looks important upon the moſt trivial occaſions; and almoſt every man expreſſes his particular trade and profeſſion by ſome inſignificant peculiarity in his dreſs, manner, and dialect; even the man of ſenſe and knowledge will probably talk in terms of art, and join with his ſenſe and knowledge ſome kind of cant or pedantry. Now, if we were to ſuppoſe ſome ſtrange man to riſe up who ſhould fully poſſeſs any excellence without its common, but uſeleſs appurtenances; by how many, think you, and how ſoon, would he be found out? It is ſo long ſince truth went naked that ſhe is now known only by her clothes.

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Is a man a creature of habit, or change? It ſeems as if we had proof of *both*; as we have that matter *is* and *is not* infinitely diviſible.

In this country every criminal has the privilege of being tried by his peers, but an author.

Why is he who poſſeſſes generoſity *more* offended at the want of it in another, than he who does not poſſeſs generoſity? not from the advantage that might accrue to himſelf; for, from the very principles of his generoſity, he wiſhes for any perſonal advantage *leſs*. The generous man then muſt wiſh others to act generouſly towards him for their ſakes, not his.

The place where you are uſed to be happy with your miſtreſs always pleaſes you more than any other. Thus do we prize numberleſs other things, *indifferent* in themſelves, merely from their connexion with what is uſeful or pleaſing. Of this we have the ſtrongeſt inſtance in money: we prize money by having habitually connected with it the idea of every temporal bleſſing without immediately

ately conſidering it not as an *end*, but a *means*; nay the very bleſſings themſelves, from which money derives all its value, are frequently ſacrificed to money; and men live and die in the want of *real* advantages, merely for the ſatisfaction of locking up the *indifferent* guineas which might produce them.

SUPPOSE I were to ſay that no man has ſenſe that has not been out of his own country, will you not tell me I am very impertinent? yet if I gave my particular definition of the word *ſenſe*, perhaps you would abſolve me. Let me appeal to every ſenſible man in Great-Britain that has been out of it, and aſk him what he felt even in the firſt twenty-four hours after he had landed on the other ſide of the Britiſh channel.

THERE is ſcarce any paſſion ſo heartily decried by moraliſts and ſatyriſts as AMBITION; and yet methinks ambition is not a vice but in a vicious mind: in a virtuous mind it is a virtue, and will be found to take its colour from the character in which it is mixed. Ambition is a deſire of ſuperiority;

riority; and a man may become ſuperior either by making others leſs or himſelf greater. He that attempts to make himſelf great by laudable means, ſurely gives more evidence of virtue than vice; though he that attempts it either by degrading others, or by diſhoneſtly aggrandizing himſelf, gives an evidence of more vice than virtue. It muſt indeed be confeſſed, that no paſſion has produced more dreadful effects than ambition, and yet perhaps it has been generally decried for that effect which is common to it both as a virtue and a vice, the elevation of another above ourſelves. This effect naturally offends little minds rather than great, for if ambition is a vice, it is not the vice of little minds; they do not aim to ſurpaſs others, and yet repine with inexorable malignity at being ſurpaſſed. The great, when they mention ambition, do it rather as if they were ſtudious to make an apology for themſelves, than to bring diſgrace upon others.

DRYDEN calls it,

'The glorious fault of angels and of gods.

And

And lord Clarendon ſays, " if ambition " is a vice, it loves to grow in a rich " ſoil." As to myſelf, I confeſs that I ſee ſome men, in whom I honour ambition; and others, in whom I moſt heartily deſpiſe it.

CLEONTES is one of thoſe ambitious men who does not, I think, quite reach the ſecond claſs, though by himſelf, and perhaps many of his friends, he may be placed in the firſt. He is, if you will, a man of ſenſe; that is, he is ſteady, exact, and laborious; nay, he is not without invention and ingenuity; for labour and diligence, though they do not always accompany ingenuity, have been ſometimes known to produce it; or at leaſt ſomething which could ſcarce be diſtinguiſhed from it. Cleontes is a politician, and whatever abilities he poſſeſſes all are employed upon politics: politicks ſeems to be not only the great object of his life, but the only one: he is, however, by no means one of thoſe MASTERS who practiſe the art they profeſs almoſt ſpontaneouſly, who excel without

without labour, who are conſcious to ſo much eaſe and negligence in their operations that they ſcarce admire the perfection they produce, and who readily allow the profeſſors of other arts their due merit. Have you a reliſh for ſome of thoſe refined endearments of which humanity is ſuſceptible? do not then apply to Cleontes; he has ſenſe, but it is not that exalted ſenſe whoſe objects are fine and delicate in proportion as its own nature is exquiſite and penetrating: It does not riſe with the ſubtil activity of a pure ſpirit, which urged by a generous fire, leaves the groſs elements behind. He knows indeed many of the concords of human nature when they have a ſenſible effect, and can even diſcover ſome before that effect is produced; but he knows as little of thoſe diſcords which reſolve into harmony, as he does of the laſt refinements of harmony itſelf. Are you a philoſopher? if you are, you may perhaps ſmile to read in Cleontes's countenance, a full conviction that he has arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of human perfection. Perſeverance is the

art by which he has aſcended many ſteps in the *ladder of ambition*; and attained if not *the top-moſt round*, yet an *agreeable* elevation,——an honourable and lucrative employment. Cleontes now feels his importance; his wiſhes inſtead of diminiſhing increaſe: he heartily ſubſcribes to the old proverb, *L'appetit vient en mangeant*. Yes, ſays he, in his ſoliloquies, I will advance, I will ſtill climb: ſhall I not exert my faculties to the utmoſt! ſhall I be left behind to grovel with the inferior world! ſhall I not rather ſtruggle and mount with the foremoſt of thoſe that mount? yes, Cleontes, mount; let emulation ſtill urge you to aſcend: ſhew the world you have a ſoul that is equal to elevation: but what is elevation? true elevation is that ſuperiority to which we are directed by nature. Cleontes is ambitious and a politician; he delights in the character, and yet ſurely he does not follow nature. If he does, however great he now is, or hereafter may be, he will never be the object of my admiration, for he will be great only as a politician; he is abſorbed in politics; he is a kind of ſtate packhorſe, pleaſ-

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ed while he plods on with the gingle of his bells; politics is his delight though it is his labour; nay, I had almoſt ſaid it was his meat and drink. He is intoxicated with politics: He is a miſer, and always counting to himſelf his political ſtore: Even while he ſeems to reſign himſelf to the moſt pleaſing avocations of ſociety, he is ſtill ruminating on political "ſtratagems and ſpoils," and for this he flatters himſelf, and is flattered by others, with imputed greatneſs and elevation. But alas! Cleontes has never once riſen to any thing higher or more endearing than politics: Every elegance of nature is deſpiſed by Cleontes as inferior to the acquirements of his *calling*. Cleontes rarely feels that man is SOCIAL, never does he reflect that from ſociety in its beſt acceptation, ariſe not only the firſt pleaſures of humanity, but the firſt virtues.

PRIDE is a virtue—let not the moraliſt be ſcandaliſed—Pride is alſo a vice. Pride, like ambition, is ſometimes virtuous and ſometimes vicious, according to the character in which it is found, and the object to which it is directed. As a principle it

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is the parent of almoſt every virtue, and every vice, every thing that pleaſes and diſpleaſes in mankind; and as the effects are ſo very different, nothing is more eaſy than to diſcover even to ourſelves, whether the pride that produces them is virtuous or vicious. The firſt object of virtuous pride is rectitude, and the next independance; the vices that fear avoids as incurring puniſhment, pride avoids as degrading the dignity of man; the ſupport and ſatisfaction which meanneſs is content to receive from others, pride glories to derive from itſelf. It concedes not only with the ſame pleaſure, but the ſame dignity with which it demands and acquires; for it is modeſt though not mean, and though elevated not aſſuming. It not only hates but diſdains falſhood, with all its little artifices to avoid diſgrace and paſs for truth; as its honour is better founded than in the opinion of others, it is ſuperior both to neglect and adulation; as it neither talks nor acts with a view of arrogating more than is due to itſelf, or of granting more than is due to others, it does not vary with varying companies or places; nay,

it pleaſes others not only in what it gives, but in what it gains from them. If you are a great man, this principle will not only give you true content, but even procure you the approbation of others; and if you are not a great man, it will either procure you that approbation, or convince you that you do not want it. Such are the characteriſtics of true pride, thoſe of falſe pride are juſt the contrary.

As it is often only the vicious part that diſpleaſes in thoſe virtuous characters which are indiſcriminately ſaid to be diſpleaſing, ſo it is only ſome weakneſs in ſuperior characters that we laugh at when we ſuppoſe the whole character to be ridiculous. A poet is generally conſidered as a ridiculous character, and yet there is nothing ridiculous in poetry. It frequently happens that poets, and indeed thoſe who are eminent in any particular branch of literature have neglected every other accompliſhment; they are deformed as a tree is when all the vigour of the root is exerted only on a particular branch. The mathematician,

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antiquarian, linguiſt or poet, is probably as ignorant of all that does not immediately relate to mathematics, antiquities, the languages or poetry, as an infant; how then can it be wondered that they are ridiculous? or how can it be thought that they are ridiculous for what they poſſeſs, when it is ſo plain that they are ridiculous only for what they want? Did you ever know one inſtance of a poet or a philoſopher, who had the common qualifications of thoſe who are not poets and philoſophers, that was not univerſally diſtinguiſhed as a ſuperior character, and treated with proportionable reſpect? remember then that even when you laugh at a poet, you ridicule not his excellence but his foible only, and that in this inſtance, you are not only more juſt than others think you, but more juſt than you think yourſelf.

It is a miſtake to think that uglineſs or deformity, are in themſelves diſguſtful; he who begins by ſaying I am ugly, or I am deformed, immediately reconciles either to our imaginations, and gives the moſt convincing proof in the world, not only that truth and non-pretenſion are moſt

amiable in themſelves, but even in the eſtimation of thoſe very men who are pretending and proud—Would you recommend this doctrine to others? alas! truth already knows it, and falſhood is not ſuſceptible of proof.

How obliging, or at leaſt how ſatisfactory, is the neglect of ſome people!

Artis *eſt celare artem.* True; a man then might be ſo clever that he would paſs for a fool.

If they who underſtand the utmoſt refinement of any art will enjoy the perfection of it in a manner ſuperior to other men, will they not amply pay for that advantage in feeling more than other men the imperfection of it, which in the natural courſe of things muſt ſo much oftener fall in their way?——by this rule, methinks, a man may be ſuppoſed to live in almoſt continual pain from his love of pleaſure.

Pray, Sir, where is the fault? no where; and every where. How often might this anſwer be made both to an actor on the ſtage and in life? and yet

tho' this fault is every where it might perhaps be eaſily taken away by the removal of *one* thing; and its ten to one but affectation or pride is that thing.

IMPERTINENCE is to dignity what cunning is to wiſdom.

IT does not follow that becauſe you are not guilty of impertinence you poſſeſs dignity; or, that becauſe you have no cunning you are wiſe: nay, it does not even follow that becauſe you deſpiſe impertinence and cunning you ſhould therefore never practiſe either. It is one thing to know the *intrinſic* value of a thing; another, to know the *current* eſtimation of it.

THEY tell you it is wrong? do it again. Still wrong? again. There—now you ſee it's right.

A GENEROUS and delicate man will, methinks, want a certain condeſcenſion from his miſtreſs in order to give it her back again.

IT by no means follows that we acted from reaſon, becauſe good reaſons can be produced for what we did.

WHAT a terrible, what an *ordeal* tryal would it be, if he only was allowed to be RATIONAL, againſt whom it could not be proved that he ever *once* refuſed his aſſent to what was demonſtrable to *his* reaſon! and yet would not that tryal be juſt?

TO a delicate and generous mind, the merit of a preſent will be the freedom with which it is given; and yet there is one preſent that has merit only in the reluctance with which it is given: The perſon we moſt love.

HOW often might a very reaſonable man, who avoids the extremes of the unreaſonable, put one in mind of a vulgar proverb which begins with, "be-"tween two ſtools?"

THERE is in every thing a going ſo far to be right, and a little farther to be very right: aſk the man of the world who is at the top of his trade, if you muſt not be a *little* out of the faſhion to be *well* in it.

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THERE are things perhaps in which men of an inferior claſs of underſtandings are above their ſuperiors, but unfortunately for them, they have no council among them to plead for them.

WHEN one reflects on the ſtrange blindneſs of man, which prompts him always to except himſelf, with reſpect to faults and failings which he allows to be truly charged upon every other, it fills one with aſtoniſhment; and yet, in the midſt of this very aſtoniſhment, we again except ourſelves from the abſurdity which we impute to others, nor are we hurt by the practice of ſo weak a partiality, even when we reflect upon it. As to myſelf indeed I confeſs that it is abſolutely contradictory to every rule of right reaſon; and yet I contend that it is natural and therefore right. It is, like ſome others, a happy prejudice which coincides with other imperfections of nature in its preſent depraved ſtate; it preſerves a general order, tho' of an inferior kind; or, if I may be allowed the metaphor, keeps a weak and defective inſtrument

in tune, by reducing all the notes to the ſame ſcale.

THERE is a power of the underſtanding which compares and judges of what it ſees, and there is another that ſees what it compares and judges of in a true light. The firſt is that power by which men defend error with argument, and the latter that by which they reject error for truth. Shall I compare them through all their operations on the mind? let me then, for the ſake of diſtinction, be permitted to call the firſt SENSE and the latter GENIUS. SENSE is ſo diſtinct from GENIUS, that it may exiſt without it: GENIUS ſo much ſuperior to SENSE, that SENSE ſeems to be valuable only in proportion as it partakes of the elevated qualities of GENIUS: —— The eye of GENIUS pierces through the miſts of cuſtom and prejudice, and ſees things not as they *appear*, but as they *are*; the eye of SENSE pervades not the medium, and therefore ſees things not as they *are*, but as they *appear* through it. SENSE is the dupe of its own powers, which are continually exerted to give ſpecious names and honourable titles to the progeny

geny of falſhood; GENIUS in a moment diſcovers the fallacy and ſpontaneouſly diſtinguiſhes truth: The unalterable nature of GENIUS is to be free, juſt, and enlarged; that of SENSE to be enſlaved, partial, and contracted: GENIUS, often without conſideration, fixes upon what is right; SENSE generally conſiders only to make choice of what is wrong: GENIUS, when it does conſider, always deduces its opinion from reaſon; SENSE generally reaſons only to defend an opinion already formed: GENIUS is not influenced by the peculiarities of different countries or men; SENSE is controlled by both: GENIUS always looks forward, and not only ſees what *is*, but what *neceſſarily will be*; SENSE, miſtaking appearance for reality, builds falſhood upon falſhood, and from preſent errors deduces future: GENIUS, with reſpect to ſubjects that lie beyond its reach, forms probable conjectures by juſtly comparing what it ſees, and allowing for what it knows to be out of ſight; SENSE, not perceiving the connection between parts that are ſeen, and others that are not, proudly concludes that it ſees all: GENIUS therefore from knowing

ing moſt, doubts; SENSE from knowing leaſt, decides: GENIUS is always admirable even when it deviates into error; SENSE often deſpicable even when it arrives at truth: GENIUS often appears to SENSE to act wrong, merely by acting right; and while ſenſe is tied down by rule, GENIUS ſoars above it: What SENSE admires, GENIUS deſpiſes; and what GENIUS loves, SENSE neglects: GENIUS often ſees wiſdom or virtue, where SENSE only remarks folly or vice; and the contrary; for GENIUS diſtinguiſhes good and bad however blended; ſenſe ſees only the predominant quality, and having precipitately determined, will afterwards exaggerate or extenuate either good or bad in favour of that determination: GENIUS neceſſarily yields to the demonſtration which reſults from contradictions; SENSE rather than admit demonſtration againſt a favorite opinion, will ſuppoſe a thouſand contradictions to be conſiſtent: GENIUS prefers truth, even to itſelf; SENSE, however it loves truth, always loves itſelf better. SENSE, like a winged inſect, flutters through the miſts that ſurround

this dark ſpot at a ſmall diſtance from its ſurface; GENIUS, like a planet, takes a wide circuit through the pure expanſe of nature, and viſits not regions only, but whole worlds which SENSE does not know to exiſt.

WHAT an excellent compoſition for Truth, could ſhe procure it, if men were to adopt *juſt half* the conſequences of *their own* true principles.

IT is true perhaps you may be allowed your privilege, * but though the firſt ſuggeſtion of your mind may be to claim it, does not the ſecond urge you to give it up? are you not rather moved to pity than to hate what you acknowledge to be an almoſt neceſſary effect of deplorable depravity? nay, will you not rather ſmile at its malignity, and thus avert its effect? ſurely this would not only be philoſophical but politic: When we arraign others, let us not forget ourſelves: let us remember, that if man is irrational, un-

* See Maxim, page 109.

generous,

generous, and unkind, we are all comprehended in that common name; and let us confeſs for our own ſakes, that if the human mind naturally produces noiſome weeds, it alſo produces flowers and fruit; and that the beſt method to mend the ſoil in general, is for each of us to cultivate his own particular ſpot.

STRIKE, BUT HEAR ME.

Plutarch of *Alcibiades.*

FINIS.